

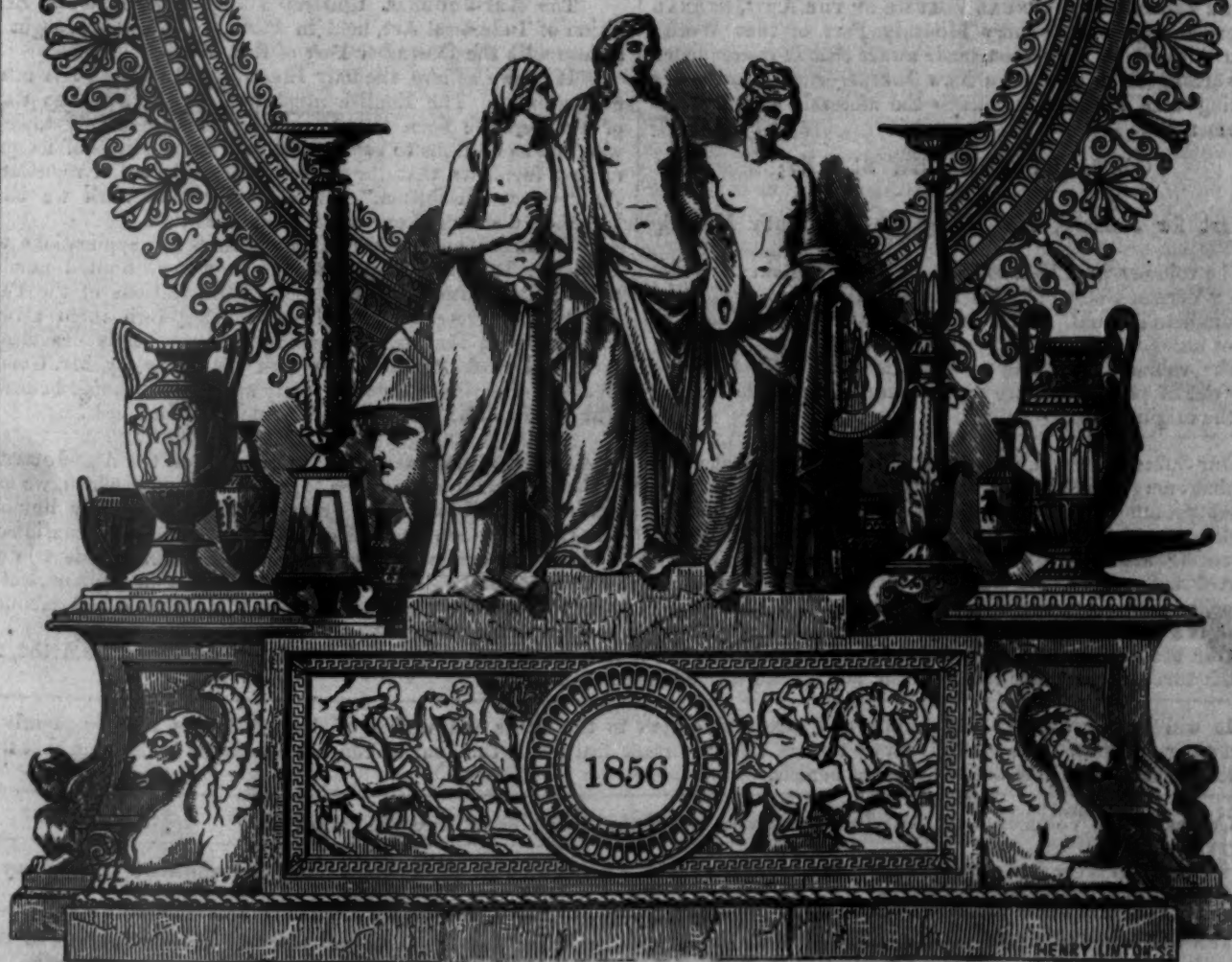
NEW SERIES: CONTAINING THE ROYAL GALLERY.

No. XV.

MARCH.

[PRICE HALF-A-CROWN;
IN AMERICA
SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS.]

THE
ART-JOURNAL.



GEORGE VIRTUE & CO., 25, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON,
AND VIRTUE, EMMINS, & CO., NEW YORK.

PARIS: STASSIN & XAVIER. LEIPZIG: G. H. FRIEDLEIN. AMSTERDAM: JOHANNES MÜLLER.

OFFICE OF THE ART-JOURNAL, 4, LANCASTER PLACE, WATERLOO BRIDGE, STRAND, WHERE ALL COMMUNICATIONS FOR THE EDITOR MAY BE SENT.

BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS EXTRAORDINARY TO THE QUEEN, WHITEHALL.



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3. THE WOODMAN. Engraved by E. ROFFE, from the Group by SCHWANTHALER, in the Collection of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire.

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THE EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL VOLUME OF THE ART-JOURNAL commenced with the January Monthly Part of that Work; but our Subscribers have been made aware that in consequence of our arrangement to issue a NEW SERIES—such New Series beginning with the Royal Gallery—the aforesaid Part is made to commence

VOL. II. OF THE NEW SERIES;

the Part for January, 1856, being the Thirteenth Monthly Part.

The volumes from 1849 to 1854, inclusive, contain the series of the "Vernon Gallery;" this series is also so arranged as to be "complete in itself," and those who obtain these five volumes will not necessarily require the volumes preceding.

The volumes preceding those of 1849 have been for some time "out of print," and are readily purchased at prices larger than the original cost.

Our Subscribers will, we trust and believe, find that we have made many arrangements for the conduct of the ART-JOURNAL with that energy and industry to which we owe its prosperity. We shall labour to continue in that useful course which, we may without presumption assert, has been fruitful of much good to British Art in its higher as well as in its comparatively humbler departments. We obtain continual evidence of the increasing estimation in which the subject is held, and of the continually augmenting numbers of those who feel interest in it; more than that, "the commercial value of the Fine Arts" is now an admitted fact, and we have a right to expect a proportionate success to a Journal which stands alone, not only in England, but in Europe, as their representative. Eighteen years is a long period to have laboured: the consciousness that we have not laboured in vain is a large reward: and the ordinary recompense cannot have failed to accompany it.

Our study ever has been, and ever will be, to render the ART-JOURNAL an associate almost indispensable to the Artist, the Manufacturer, the Artisan, the Amateur, and, in short, to all lovers of Art.

It will be our duty to pay minute and careful attention to the wants and wishes of Manufacturers, and frequently to report their progress. We are fully aware that in this important feature of the Journal consists its larger utility, and that from this source the public have derived especial benefit.

Covers for the Volumes of the ART-JOURNAL can be had of any Bookseller at Three Shillings each.

We reply to every letter, requiring an answer, that may be sent to us with the writer's name and address; but we pay no attention to anonymous communications.

The Office of the Editor of the ART-JOURNAL is 4, Lancaster Place, Waterloo Bridge, Strand, where all Editorial communications are to be addressed. Letters, &c., for the Publishers, should be forwarded, as usual, to 25, Paternoster Row.

All Orders for Advertisements should be sent to Messrs. VIRTUE & Co., Cottage Place, City Road; 26, Ivy Lane, City; or to 4, Lancaster Place, Waterloo Bridge, Strand.

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THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, MARCH 1, 1856.

STUDIES FROM THE LIFE,
BY W. MULREADY, R.A.

THE processes of study by which eminent results are effected have a peculiar interest. It is a privilege to become acquainted with them. It is, as it were, being introduced behind the scenes of a drama presented to the public. To be informed of the mode of acquirement of the man of science or literature, to be shown the steps by which a great invention has been reached, or a secret of nature discovered, or to trace in a first sketch the germs of a poem, or a biography, or a history which has afterwards expanded into a standard work, is a grateful boon. In the province of Art it is no less delightful to witness the methods by which analogous successes have been achieved, and to be instructed in the processes by which such results have been arrived at. To the merely intelligent curious, and to the general Art-lover, this is full of interest; but to the student it is also full of instruction. These are the considerations that invest the collections of sketches, drawings, and studies of the Old Masters with their chief worth. The "Liber Veritatis" of Claude; the first thoughts and studies of Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Albert Durer, from these views derive their liveliest interest. To examine such is like a visit to the atelier of the artist himself, where you do not see him in the full array of honour with which time has invested him, but in his morning gown and slippers, palette on finger, brush in hand, the anxious student of the beautiful, the poetical, the eager enthusiast fluctuating between shortcoming and success, and trembling on tiptoe for yet higher flights! He appears himself to point out to you the successive images and phases by turns selected, that have passed over the vision of his thoughts, and how here he has changed a group, and there a figure, and how a drapery, or a limb, or a turn of a head or hand has been readjusted, and how the first sketch from the living model has been prepared for transference to the canvas or fresco by doubled and trebled lines of correction or refinement, until it has been at last gifted with a contour fitting it for the great work itself. Thus may we sometimes trace in the collections of sketches, in the Louvre and elsewhere, a great and cherished work of Art from its cradle to its manhood. Earnest, indefatigable, devoted, is the scene of study thus displayed; no easy road to fame is there illustrated, but one of studious habits and untiring zeal—the path of those

"Who spurn at ease, and live laborious days."

In no class perhaps do the early habits of study cling more affectionately and enduringly than in that of the artist, in which we may so frequently notice the same earnest methods which characterised the young aspirant still practised in matured age. We need not go back to former times—to the days of Lorenzo de' Medici, or Pope Julius, to find subjects for our admiration,

either of these methods or their endurance—nor wander beyond our own familiar names. Wilkie, Flaxman, and Etty were a worthy trio of examples of enthusiastic and enduring study, and of the excellent success it achieves. The crayon and the brush were ever zealously employed by them in preparatory studies for their works and compositions, and the most earnest search after truth is evidenced in the conscientious readings of nature in their sketches. The loss, however, of these great ones from among us, does not leave us bare of present wholesome examples.

The remarkable studies from the living model executed by our well-known academician, William Mulready, in the simple materials of black and red chalk are indeed not to be surpassed by similar productions in ancient or modern times. We are sufficiently conversant not only with ancient studies, but also with those of modern schools, to say this without hesitation; and we add that in perfection and completion they are not equalled by the crayon drawings of Wilkie, and in refinement do not fall behind those of Flaxman. It would indeed be stopping short of the full impression these works make on us, did we not avow that, take them for all in all, as simple black and red crayon drawings from the life, we do not know their equal either in ancient or modern Art. This is a proud boast for us to be able to advance, in a province in which our strength is said not to lie. The faithfulness and delicacy of these drawings, their detail and yet their breadth, their finish and completion of effect, are hardly to be surpassed by a picture in oil. They are executed by the artist however as a *déshonneur* from his works of the latter nature, so deservedly high in public estimation. The crayon comes in occasionally as a relief to the brush, and fills up the time probably while some portions of the picture on the easel are drying in readiness for another day's work; and thus are completed every year some three or four studies, which have had their birth in the life-school of the Royal Academy.

Among the benefits afforded by this body to the furtherance of Art, out of the funds arising from their annual exhibition, is a school for drawing, painting, and modelling, from the living model, and it is one of the duties of each Academician in turn to take the direction of this school, which is held in the evenings of a large portion of the year, and to pose the model for the students to copy; and not unfrequently are these and the director seen all drawing together with like attention and earnestness. Studies so complete, however, as those of which we have been speaking, are not to be executed during the short period allotted to each pose—not, we believe, more than the evenings of one week—but in Mr. Mulready's case are taken home and completed by daylight, in his own atelier, but still "by nature;" and thus their character as studies remain intact, although daylight enables them to be enhanced by a juster and more complete gradation of tint and light and shadow, than the gaslights of the Academic School afford.

At the first sight of these works it is hard to believe, not only by the uninitiated, but by those also conversant with Art, that such effects can be produced by such simple agents. The tint of the paper usually chosen for them, is slightly yellow, and the drawings are wholly made in red and black chalk—the paper itself being left for the lights—without any white being used. This is the usual method; in a few cases we believe a slight addition in material has been used; but the most remarkable of these works have been produced solely with red and black chalk, without anything else entering into the process. The results are most satisfactory from the use of this very sober key of colour;—the slight yellow of the paper, the red and the cold shadow of the black chalk supplying a subdued version of the three primary hues of Nature. The variety of the tints on the surface of the drawing produced by the different intermixture and preponderance of the elements of this simple scale, is marvellous; and the success

achieved by them in that most difficult portion of the painter's art—the representation of flesh—must be seen to be credited.

It may be, also, that this illustrates in an interesting manner the subject of Ancient Greek Painting, of which we possess no adequate remains. Excellent as were the architecture, sculpture, and formative decoration of that people, it has been asserted that the standard of these could have been reached by them in the kindred Art of Painting, from the great simplicity and fewness of their pigments, of which we have record. Due consideration would doubtless be unready to allow that those who showed such extreme refinement and fastidiousness in the sister arts would ever have been satisfied with crudities in painting, or valued so greatly productions that were incomplete; and these studies of Mr. Mulready appear to illustrate this, and justify the reputation of the artists of old; for here we now see all the hues of flesh produced by agents still more simple than those possessed by Apelles, Protogenes, &c. And thus does modern Art illustrate the old, and Bayswater throw back a ray of light on Athens!

"Studies" may be divided in two sections; the first comprising those which are direct preparations for pictures, as trials of composition in line or effect in light and shadow for the whole; or sketches for portions, as for individual figures, or for the principal heads or hands, &c.; and the other those that are not direct in their connection with any principal effort of the artist, but rather such as aim to forward his general knowledge, or refresh his memory of nature. The more ingenuous and earnest the followers of Art, however far back may be the date at which they entered her service, ever class themselves as still among her *students*; as indicated by the well-known reply of the ancient Michael Angelo, when discovered by his friends among the ruins of the Coliseum. Other people cling to youth; but to the poet and the artist youth may itself be said to cling, from the enduring freshness of their appreciation for the beautiful. Sparkling are the goblets they dip out from the well of truth. Vivid are the pictures they reflect from their mirrors, and deservedly cherished is an artist's direct transcript from nature; begun, perhaps, without knowing whether he is to make of it a painting, or only a study. We use the word "only" as no depreciation; for there is indeed a charm about an actual "*bond fide* virgin study" peculiar to itself. Some of the most exquisite of the sensations experienced by the true Art-lovers are those derived from the perusal of sketches, from fact, on the spot, photographed by the artist's own perception and so imbued with himself—nature—but seen through his eyes. There is somewhat sacred in such fresh offerings: we do not like them to be touched. "Paint pictures from them if you like, but do not touch these," we feel inclined to exclaim.

Of either of these classes of "studies," the direct (or shadowing forth of the future picture), or the indirect (the more close transcript of nature's facts), the "pleasant labours" of Mr. Mulready afford eminent and charming examples; but it is to the latter (those "studies from the life," in which are united the zeal of the young student with the most experienced taste and knowledge) that our eyes are now turned.

Charming as these are as works of Art for the connoisseur and collector, they are, as we have said before, still more valuable as works of example and guidance to the student. Every School of Art throughout England should have the opportunity of witnessing and consulting them; and it is not one of the least judicious of the acts of the Board of Trade that they have ensured for their own Art Department, four we believe, of these works. Her Majesty also is, we understand, among the possessors of them, but on the whole they are confined but to few collections. Studies though they are, they are national credits, and go far to redeem us from any remarks on the shortcomings of British Art-acquaintance with the human form. They are most pleasing results of the union of truth and knowledge with grace and refinement, and are eminent examples of the gems to be found even on the footway to the heights of Art.



ON THE PERCEPTION OF COLOUR IN PICTURES.*

THE following letter was printed for private circulation only; but the subject is of so much importance, and the remedy for the evil to which it refers is so clearly and simply set forth, that, considering the public should have the benefit of the writer's suggestions, we have obtained permission from Mr. Smirke to give them a place in our columns. It is, however, necessary we should explain that the pamphlet itself contains examples of the coloured papers Mr. Smirke recommends to be used: these we could not, of course, place before our readers, but they are sufficiently described to enable any desirous of trying the experiment to procure them.—ED. A.-J.]

DEAR SIR CHARLES,

It is with diffidence and hesitation that I address you on a subject which belongs rather to your Art than to mine: but the two domains adjoin, and the boundaries are not clearly defined; I trust, therefore, to your indulgence if I am found trespassing. No one can be more sensible than myself that, in making the few following observations, I am propounding to you no new doctrines, and am conveying to your mind no information. Yet, as the suggestion which forms the subject of these pages affects almost exclusively the interests of your Art, I feel that I am likely to obtain for it a more favourable and intelligent hearing through the medium of a letter addressed to yourself, than by the adoption of any other course.

Every one who has painted a picture, or decorated a room, or even furnished one, must have acquired some knowledge, however vague or defective, of the harmony and discord of colours,—of their affinities and contrast.

They must generally have felt that pink and green, or buff and blue, when placed in juxtaposition, present to the eye an agreeable impression, whilst orange and green, or green and purple, and other such pairs of colours, require some skill in the artist to prevent them from producing an opposite effect.

The fact is equally well known that, owing to this peculiar relation that colours have to each other, there is, in arranging a collection of pictures, an extreme difficulty in preventing their mutually injurious action on each other.

Few artists, I apprehend, have been so fortunate as not to have experienced, at some time, the vexation of finding their labours frustrated by an obnoxious neighbour; the *Massacre of Innocents* is, indeed, a tragedy annually, and almost unavoidably, acted, to the injury of many a good picture, and to the disturbance of many an even temper.

But the remark is by no means so trite, nor is the fact so generally familiar, that the impression produced by a colour upon the eye does not cease immediately the eye is removed from the colour; and it is to this fact that I would invite particular attention as forming the basis of the following observations, as well as of the suggestion which it is the object of this letter to submit to your judgment.

Do not fear that I am about to venture one step into even the shallows of science in this matter, or to inquire into the physical nature or causes of the impression made by colours on the retina. This fact, namely, that the impression produced by colour on the eye has a certain amount of permanence, and, for a time, affects its powers with reference to its appreciation of other colours, is all that I desire to have established; and this is very easily done by direct experiment.

Let any one fix his eyes, intently, for a short time upon a bright red object, and then let him turn to any ordinary historical or other picture, containing various colours, and it will be sure to appear to him wanting in warmth, whatever its colouring may be; for all the warm hues will

have temporarily lost their due effect upon his sense of sight.

Or let him look fixedly on pure blue, and he will be sure to find that, for a time, until his eyes have regained their normal condition, the complexion of every one around him appears sallow and leathery, not from any unnatural excess of sallow tints in the complexion, but in consequence of the abnormal condition produced upon his eye by the previous impression made on it by the pure blue.

The fact may be verified by a variety of similar experiments.

It is this phenomena, I apprehend, which contributes to render the task of hanging a collection of pictures so hopelessly difficult. We may place widely asunder two conflicting pictures, but we still cannot prevent their injuring each other, should the spectator happen, or choose, to cause his eye to pass from one directly to the other.

Suppose an eye that has been immersed in the flood of rich colouring presented by a Rubens or a Paul Veronese, were to turn, fresh from the dazzling draught, on to some tenderly and soberly painted picture, whose subject, perhaps, demanded the use of broken and subdued tints, the critic at once pronounces it to be feeble, faded, &c., whereas the verdict may have been far otherwise, had his eye been previously sobered down to its normal or neutral condition.

The greatest skill is often expended on the nice adjustment of hues. To balance, to neutralise, to contrast, to bring out, to keep down; such are the usual and laboured objects of a painter's solicitude. Sometimes an apparently unimportant object in the picture, a mere spot, as a red or a yellow cap, is thrown in to make peace, perhaps, between two rival hues, or for some such special purpose, placed with great caution, exactly in the right position, and exactly in the right quantity, so as to answer its purpose, and do no more.

Now, suppose we came up to this picture after the close examination of some pictorial conflagration, on which whole bladders of vermilion or chrome have been expended, how utterly unfit should we be to do justice to the painter's elaborate adjustments!

I may here be told that it is idle to complain of an evil that seems inevitable in every miscellaneous collection of pictures; but I trust that the suggestion which I am about to make may show that the evil is by no means irremediable; that, in truth, the remedy is simple, easy, and effectual.

Let any one who wishes to receive a full measure of enjoyment in a picture gallery hold in his hand a tablet painted of a neutral tint,* on which to rest his eyes as he passes from one picture to another. Has his eye become inebriated by some florid colourist? A draught of the neutral tint on his tablet will sober it down, and bring it to the full use of its senses. Has he been contemplating a glowing Italian sunset, or "A Masquerade at Naples"? a glance at his tablet will prepare him for the next picture, perhaps "A Mist in the Highlands;" by means of his tablet his eye becomes, on each occasion, a tabula rasa,—a cleansed pallet, prepared to receive a fresh assortment of colours. Its discriminating powers are restored; its bias corrected; and thus each picture will stand on its own merits, unimpaired by the disturbing effects produced by the impression left behind by the subject of the spectator's previous examination.

A late eminent medical writer on cookery recommended that a saline, or other appropriate draught should be administered to the cook on the eve of a banquet, so that his, or her, taste might be purified and rendered so sensitive as to secure to each *entrée* and condiment the exact flavour that shall best recommend it to the fastidious gastronomer.

Very analogous to this would be the operation of the proposed tablet upon the powers of the eye; it would "purge the visual ray," and so fit it to discern and appreciate the niceties of the colourist.

Indeed there seems a curious analogy in this

* A Letter to Sir Charles Locke Eastlake, P.R.A., suggesting a Mode of Assisting the Eye in the Right Perception of Colour in Pictures. By Sydney Smirke, A.R.A. Not Published. 1856.

* [The neutral tint paper which Mr. Smirke has inserted has a greenish hue.—ED. A.-J.]

respect between our senses of sight and taste. Who has not experienced after indulging in food of luscious sweetness, that for some, not inconsiderable, time the palate is apt to misjudge all other tastes? Their minor sweetness is temporarily lost upon him. I would hardly have ventured to obtrude upon you this plain and somewhat homely truth, were it not, I think, an apt illustration of the analogy above mentioned, and did it not at the same time serve to explain the nature of the evil that the proposed tablet is intended to remedy.*

I would now advert to another application of the principle on which the proposed tablet is founded; and I think that this also is deserving of attention as calculated to enhance the enjoyment we derive from one of the most pleasing branches of the painter's Art. Landscapes almost always form a large proportion of every miscellaneous collection of pictures, and they are peculiarly liable to suffer by the contact of their neighbours. The landscape-painter is prone to use many greenish tints so remote from purity as to require an eye of some discernment to detect their greenness. Artists do this, because their mistress, Nature, does the like. In the cold grey of an early morning, or in the aere and yellow leaf of autumn, we have to seek for any green tendencies with a very careful survey—a survey which our visual organs are ill prepared to make with success, when fresh from one of those crashes of colour which one meets with occasionally in every assemblage of pictures.

Now, I would provide the means of obliterating these adverse impressions on the eye before turning to a landscape by painting the reverse of my tablet† with a deep, pure, but not bright, red.

Let the eye absorb a dose from this side before it contemplates a landscape, and it will be at once found to have been brought into a right condition for duly appreciating the artist's labour. Red offers so powerful, and yet so harmonious, a contrast to its complementary colour, green, that not only will the general effect of the picture be heightened, but every green tinge, however latent, however neutralised, will disclose itself with all the force due to it.

I can anticipate but two classes of objectors to my proposal. One would consist of those who think that it would be too troublesome to be required to stare at a blank tablet when the eye is eager to be engaged on some fine picture. But surely if the enjoyment of an intellectual pleasure be our object in looking at pictures, a few moments spent in adapting the eye to the task, and thus greatly enhancing that pleasure, is a sacrifice too trifling to object to. If our sight is imperfect, we do not hesitate to resort to the use of a glass; if our hearing fails us, we are too happy to avail ourselves of acoustic contrivances; and are thankful to science for the aid she affords us in our infirmities.

I need scarcely say, moreover, that the occasions for the use of this harmless medicine for the eye would not be of constant recurrence. There are in every gallery many pictures that are so neutral in their general effect that they are perfectly inoffensive to others, and are not themselves easily offended; and there are many wherein the interest or value of the work is wholly independent on colour.

When once the principle on which this tablet operates on the eye is clearly comprehended, every intelligent spectator would readily acquire the habit of determining for himself at a glance whether the recourse to it be necessary or not.

* The remark of Sir Joshua Reynolds on a peculiar effect on the eye, observed by him after having looked at white paper, is so apposite, that I think it well to transcribe the note referring to it in Malone's Life of Sir Joshua:—"On viewing the pictures of Rubens a second time they appeared much less brilliant than they had done on the former inspection. He (Reynolds) could not for some time account for this circumstance; but when he recollected that when he first saw them he had his note-book in his hand, for the purpose of writing down short remarks, he perceived what had occasioned their now making a less impression in the respect than they had done formerly. By the eye passing immediately from the white paper to the picture, the colours derived uncommon richness and warmth. For want of this foil, they afterwards appeared comparatively cold."

† A blank, tinted page stitched into the catalogue, when there is one, would of course answer every purpose.

To the class of objectors who may ignore altogether the existence of the evil which I propose to obviate, and who cannot perceive that one picture can have any material effect upon another, I can only reply that it is not for the use or benefit of such observers that I offer my proposals. I have no doubt whatever that there are those to whom this mutual action is imperceptible; to these certainly my expedient would appear to be of little value. The persons who are acquainted with the broad distinctions between red, blue, and yellow, are numerous; but were we to count up those who have learnt duly to appreciate, or even to perceive at all, the delicacies of distinction which exist in the wide range of mixed tints lying between those three extremes, we should probably find the number considerably reduced.

I venture to think that one of the advantages fairly to be derived from the use of such a tablet as I have described, would be, that it would assist in the education of the eye by leading it to acquire the habit of seeking out the niceties of the colourist's art, and might eventually confer upon them the capacity of looking at pictures with a keener relish, and a more just and critical apprehension of them.

Having laid before you my suggestion, I will trespass on you no further than to request your deliberate consideration of it and of its practical merit and application.

Should my opinion of the utility of this mode of rectifying our vision be so fortunate as to meet with the concurrence of yourself and of other high professional authorities, I shall indulge in the hope that the experiment may be tried, first in private collections, and ultimately perhaps in our public galleries.

I am, DEAR SIR CHARLES,
Very faithfully yours,
SYDNEY SMIRKE.

GROSVENOR STREET,
January, 1856.

BRITISH INDUSTRIES.*

No. VII.—CLAYS, BUILDING STONES, AND MARBLES OF IRELAND.

ONE of the aims, and by no means the least important one, of the *Art-Journal*, is to direct attention to sources from which may be drawn objects for the uses of the manufacturer—and for the applications of Art. Notwithstanding the energy with which all our commercial enterprises are carried out—notwithstanding the zeal with which new mines of wealth are sought after, there still remains in the small group of islands which constitute the United Kingdom many undeveloped treasures of great worth.

The causes producing temporary blindness to advantages which are scattered around us, and which are consequently neglected, it is not easy to define. There appears to be a law by which matters are developed from time to time, but the operations of that law are hidden from us. Certain it is, that natural productions are known to exist at our own doors, for which our ships traverse the seas. The material is valued being "Foreign" which, when seen as a native produce is regarded as valueless. Certain it is that the mineral productions of Great Britain and Ireland, may, for all the purposes of use and ornament, endure a competitive examination with those of any nation of Europe, we may almost say of the whole of Europe itself.

We have already devoted our pages to the consideration of the marbles, serpentine, and other ornamental stones of England—and we purpose now briefly to direct attention to the lithological productions of the sister island.

A brief sketch or outline of the geology of Ireland will not be out of place. *Granite*, as the lowest rock of the series, claims our first attention. The principal localities in which we find granite forming the present surface, are those of Wicklow, of Galway, of Newry, and of Donegal. There are many other localities in which small isolated masses of granite are discovered, but those named are remarkable as exhibiting this formation, widely-spread, and varying much in character. *Mica-slate*, and *clay-slate* occur extensively. The former in Wicklow and Wexford, and the latter in Wexford, Down, Waterford, Cork, and Kerry. If we examine a geological map of the United Kingdom, it will be seen the geological formations of south-western England are all repeated in nearly the same order in southern Ireland. The slates, which are of the most varied character, constitute many of the more extensive mountain-ranges, but with the exception of the works in the Island of Valencia, and at Killaloe, they have not been made of any considerable industrial value. The quartz rocks of Mayo and Donegal, from the great extent of country over which they spread are objects of much geological, though as yet of small commercial interest. The sandstone, and the sandstone conglomerates of Ireland have received great attention; especially have they been studied by that eminent geologist, Mr. Griffith. These sandstone rocks are very widely spread. The Old Red Sandstone,—that storehouse of ancient life, which has been so graphically described by Hugh Miller, forms the greater part of the county of Cork; and in Longford and Roscommon it is also found largely developed. Limestones—the mountain and the carboniferous varieties—continually make their appearance in connection with the several geological formations already named. In the coal-fields, especially the Connaught coal-field—the carboniferous limestones exist, and yield for industrial purposes a great variety of building-stones and marbles. The magnesian limestone is found in the south of Belfast Lough. It is a true dolomite,—that is, a combination of one atom of carbonate of lime, and one atom of carbonate of magnesia—it sometimes occurs in proportions varying slightly from these. The more recent rocks are so unimportant, and occur in such comparatively small patches, that it is scarcely necessary to mention them on the present occasion. The igneous rocks—such as trap, basalt, and greenstone, in several varieties spread over the table-land of Antrim. All rocks of this character are remarkable for their chemical composition; being indeed often formed of fused masses of the adjoining rocks; and imbedded minerals in considerable variety are found in them. These rocks decompose with some rapidity, and form ochres and clays, distinguished from all others by the beauty and diversity of their colours. Such is a statement in general terms of the rocks which exist in Ireland.

Mr. Griffith, to whom Ireland owes a debt of gratitude for the careful study which he has given to the mineral productions of the country, informs us, that in nearly all the granite districts, beds are found of clays formed from the decomposed felspar, which are in few respects inferior to those discovered and worked so extensively in Cornwall. The coal-fields of Tyrone contain numerous beds of clay of the same general character as those which occur in the Staffordshire coal districts. The clay of Coal Island appears to be of much value; it differs, however, from the Stourbridge

clay, in containing some peroxide of iron, as the following comparative analyses will show:

	Coal Island.	Stourbridge.
Silica	46.2	46.1
Alumina	30.8	28.8
Peroxide of Iron	8.4	—
Potash	0.4	—
Water	14.2	15.1

Mr. Tighe made a statistical survey of Kilkenny, and he has well described the clay found in that coal-field.

The *Coal-seat*—that is, the underclay of the coal-bed—says Mr. Tighe, has properties which appear worthy of attention; it has been long used at Castlecomer for backs of grates, and is known to stand the fire in a remarkable manner. Mr. W. Davis, an architect who employed this clay largely, states that it will not only answer every purpose for earthenware; but "he hopes, also, that of pots for glass-house purposes, and being convinced of the great utility of the *coal-seat* in the fire, he made trials also of its utility as to external incrustations on walls, where it sets firmly, and he has every reason to think it will answer well;" he found, when properly prepared, that it would answer every purpose of *terrazas*.

This clay, in its natural state, burned in a strong fire, becomes white, and as hard as many siliceous stones. This *coal-seat*, or clay cannot, therefore, contain any iron, and it is stated, indeed, that analysis proves it to be precisely the same composition as the Stourbridge clay. The clay found near Howth is worked into crucibles by Messrs. Mallett, for various operation of their extensive foundry, and its quality is stated to be such as would render it excellent for delft and stone-ware. Little, if any, use has, however, yet been made of it beyond the crucible manufacture. Mr. Wilkinson, of the Poor Law Commission, made a large collection of the building-stones of Ireland, and made experiments on upwards of six hundred of the number. The details of these experiments have not been published, but in the "Industrial Resources of Ireland," the following general statements of the results are given. These are so important that we are glad to give them extended publicity, by publication in our Journal.

"The ordinary limestone of Ireland weighs in average per cubic foot 170 lbs. The average weight of water which is absorbed by immersion was one-fourth of a pound, the greatest absorption was one half-pound of water. The chalk of Antrim weighs 160 lbs. per cubic foot, and absorbs three pounds of water. The improved shaley calp weighs 160 lbs., and absorbs from one to four pounds of water per cubic foot. The average weight of sandstone is 145 lbs. per cubic foot; the extremes are 123 and 170 lbs. The absorption varies from nothing to upwards of ten pounds; the average being five-and-a-half pounds. Granites average per cubic foot 170 lbs.; its extreme weights were 143 and 176 lbs. The granite of Newry and Kingstown absorbs one-fourth of a pound; that of Carlow from one-and-a-half to two pounds; that of Glenties in Donegal four pounds. Basalt weighs from 171 to 181 lbs. per cubic foot, the average 178 lbs. It absorbs less than one-fourth of a pound of water per cubic foot. Clay roofing-slate weighs 174 to 179 lbs., in average 177; the absorption is less than one-fourth of a pound. The soft clay slates from Bantry absorb about two pounds of water.

In resisting fracture it was found that the slate rocks were the strongest, and of these some were stronger when the pressure is applied on the edges of the cleavage planes than on the faces. The basalts were

* Continued from p. 4.

next in strength; then the limestones; then the granite; and the weakest are the sandstones. Considered in relation to a crushing force, the basalts are found to be the strongest stones; next the limestones, and successively the slates and sandstones. In the different varieties of limestone, some of the larger crystalline stones, and the compact hard calp, are the strongest. The light-coloured crystalline stones of Ardbraccan, and those around Cork are the weakest. The Connemara white marble, or primary limestone, is the strongest that has been found.

Slate rocks of considerable value are found in Wicklow, near Rathdown and Glanmore. These are said, indeed, to be equal to the slates of Bangor in North Wales. The Killaloe slate-quarries are, however, the most extensive in Ireland; and from these, slabs of ten feet square are obtained. About 10,000 tons of manufactured slates per annum are produced from these quarries. The Valentia slates have been already mentioned. These do not answer for roofing-slates; but for flags a large quantity is annually sent to the metropolis. Slabs of Valentia slate are easily obtainable thirty feet long, four or five feet wide, and from six to twelve inches thick. The slates of the other districts are not of sufficient importance to require any particular description.

The Irish marbles have been deservedly well spoken of, and, curiously enough, but very sparingly developed. Throughout the length and breadth of the island, these limestone marbles occur to a greater or a less extent, but it is only in a few localities that we find them at all worked.

Near Galway, and at Kilkenny, the black marble is quarried. From Galway large quantities of this marble are sent annually to London and other parts of the kingdom; and much of it finds its way even to New York. Along the beautiful shores of Lough Corrib there exists an unlimited supply of this valuable ornamental stone. The Kilkenny marble is susceptible of receiving a very fine polish, and is, when cut, perfectly black; but the carbonaceous matter to which it owes its colour is acted on by light and air; and ultimately white marks of fossils, such as are peculiar to the limestones of Derbyshire and other places, make their appearance. Black marble is also found at Doueraile and Churchtown in Kerry, near Dunkerron in Down, and in Tipperary. A variegated marble, exhibiting red, yellow, and brown tints, with some beautiful impressions of fishes, is found at Armagh. Although this marble possesses peculiar beauties, except for small ornaments we believe it is little worked. Near Churchtown, in Cork county, a similar marble to this is found in many varieties, of which yellow and purple veins occur.

The Kilcrea brown marbles are some of them very elegant. The dove-coloured marbles of Carrigaline and Castle Cary, where are also found ash-coloured and grey varieties, are susceptible of being formed into many articles of internal ornamentation; as are also the black and white, and the purple and white marbles of Churchtown in Cork. One of the most beautiful of the Irish marbles is the variety found in the islands of the river Kenmare, of a purple colour veined with a dark green; much of it appearing to resemble the serpentine rocks of the Lizard. The Kilkenny striped white and red marbles have been much admired. The Galway marbles—or, as it is also called, the Irish Serpentine—and the Connemara marble—which are of a finely variegated light green colour, are very much

esteemed.* The white marbles of these districts are sometimes very pure in tint, although much that has been sent into the market has had a greyish hue. If more extensive workings were instituted, and the blocks were obtained at greater depths than those which are now raised, there is every reason for believing that stones of far greater purity would be obtained. The exportation of these marbles from Clifden is large; but the trade is certainly capable of great extension.

The ornamental stones of Ireland are those which we have grouped under the general name of marbles. Many of the basalts, traps, greenstones, and granites, would, however, if properly worked, be found to be no less pleasing in appearance than the variegated limestones.

There is much difficulty in working many of these igneous rocks, owing to the want of any lines of cleavage or of bedding in them. This is one reason why many varieties of these stones, which are very rich in colour, have not been worked. We have, however, seen some very nice vases made out of the basalts of the Giant's Causeway, and small ornaments of great beauty made from the trap and greenstone rocks. The granites of Ireland are as worthy of attention as any which we are working in this country. From Penryn and the Cheesewring, in Cornwall; from Dartmoor, in Devonshire; from Aberdeen and Peterhead, in Scotland;—granite is sent, not merely to every part of the United Kingdom, but to the Continent, where the British granites are, for large works, highly valued. We know of no reason to prevent many of the fine granites of Ireland from coming into legitimate competition with those.

Some few attempts have been made at Florentine work in Ireland. Some examples which we have seen have been good examples of the art. In the south of Ireland many fine varieties of the malachites have been found, and those cut have furnished the green stones for the Florentine tables and tazzi alluded to. There would certainly be, under proper management, a large development of industry in these directions.

When we consider that Ireland possesses within the limits of her shores almost every geological formation from granite up to alluvium; when we examine and discover the immense variety of useful and ornamental stones which may be obtained from her rocks; when we reflect that nearly all the metalliferous minerals, the most valuable of iron ores, the most argentiferous lead ore, abundant and rich ores of copper, silver, and gold, are all to be found in considerable quantities, we cannot but regret that so small an amount of industry and intelligence has been expended in the development of her natural treasures.

ROBERT HUNT.

* Fine specimens of this material can be seen on the walls of the entrance-hall to the Museum of Practical Geology in Jermyn Street, which is now opened gratuitously every day except Friday. By the way, many of our readers will doubtless thank us for directing their attention to this Museum, which we believe is not so well known as it deserves to be, as a place of intellectual amusement and instruction. In it are exhibited the building-stones of the United Kingdom; and in pilasters, panels, and pedestals. Among other interesting objects from natural materials, are tessellated pavements, casts from statues, tazzi in granite, alabaster, and Irish serpentine; objects showing the useful application of the sciences of geology and mineralogy; maps exhibiting the geological formations of the earth; and, in short, the Museum is full of what will enlighten and interest the intelligent visitor. At one end of the upper story is the laboratory in which all kinds of experimental investigations and practical analyses are carried on, and at the other end the Mining Record office, in which all the documents connected with the mining interests are deposited.—Ed. A. J.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

THE TROOPERS.

A. Cuypp, Painter. H. Hacker, Engraver.
Size of the Picture, 1 ft. 5½ in. by 1 ft. 2½ in.

ALBERT CUYPP, one of the great luminaries of the Dutch school, owes the popularity which now attaches to his pictures to the discrimination and judgment of English collectors. To the want of discernment in his own countrymen, or to their negligence of him and his works, must be attributed the fact that so little of his history has come down to us. He was born at Dort, in 1606, and was instructed in painting by his father, Jacob Cuypp, a landscape artist of considerable eminence, and the founder of the school of painting in that town: there is, however, but little similarity between the works of the master and the pupil.

That able critic, Dr. Waagen, referring to Cuypp's only picture in our National Gallery, thus estimates the general character of his works:—"His pictures, like those of so many of the great Dutch landscape-painters, afford a sufficient proof that the charm of a work of art lies far more in a profound and pure feeling for nature, and in the knowledge and masterly use of the means of representation which Art supplies, than in the subject. For otherwise, how could it be possible, from such monotonous natural scenery as Holland presents, where the extensive green levels are broken only by single trees and ordinary houses, and intersected by canals, to produce such attractive variety as their pictures offer? How could it happen that so many pictures, even by eminent masters, such as Jan Both and Pynaker, who represent the rich and varied scenery of Italy, in which the finest forms of mountains and waterfalls, with beautifully wooded plains, in the most agreeable variety, charm the eye, have less power to touch our feelings than the pictures of Cuypp, Ruysdael, and Hobbema? In grandeur of conception and knowledge of aerial perspective, combined with the utmost glare and warmth of the misty or serene atmosphere, Cuypp stands unrivalled, and takes the same place for Dutch scenery as Claude Lorraine for the Italian; so that he might justly be called the Dutch Claude. In impasto, breadth, freedom, and execution, he has, on the other hand, much resemblance to Rembrandt." And again, when speaking of Cuypp's pictures in the collection of Sir Robert Peel, the same authority remarks:—"How happy must this excellent artist have been in the production of such works! yet they seem to have been but little esteemed about fifty years ago; for nothing is known of his life, and his pictures were so low in value, that this fine landscape (an old castle with towers, &c.) was originally purchased in the town of Hoorn, in Holland, for about one shilling English. But his pictures gradually so increased in value, especially through the approbation which they met with in England, that Sir R. Peel paid about 350 guineas for this specimen." We cannot, however, take this case as an instance of the value set upon Cuypp's works by his countrymen: Sir Robert's picture was doubtless bought from some one who thought that the piece of panel on which it was painted would only sell for the price of the wood: hundreds of fine pictures have thus been rescued from the hands of ignorant possessors, who knew not the treasures they held till they had lost them.

The majority of the pictures by this master are, as it may be presumed from the foregoing observations, in our own country: Dr. Waagen mentions and describes about ninety in different collections. Buckingham Palace contains nine; among these is "The Troopers," of which he says:—"The execution is careful, and the effect of the warm evening light masterly." Smith, in his "Catalogue," enumerates more than two hundred and seventy: of this, which stands No. 244 in his work, he says, it is "a charming example of art:" the group consists of two soldiers, *bourgeois*, one of whom has dismounted from a grey horse, and stands at the head of his steed conversing with a peasant; the other soldier, riding a brown horse, waits for his companion, and a third is riding off behind the ridge of ground. The picture is painted on panel.



A. C. FINNER

THE TROOPERS

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION

E. HACKER, SCULPT



THE ARTISTS AND AMATEURS' CONVERSAZIONE.

THE first meeting for the season of the "Artists and Amateurs' Conversazione Society" took place at Willis's Rooms, on the 24th of January: the room was well filled with a large assembly of members and their friends, among whom were a very considerable number of ladies; for this society, unlike its elder brother, "The Graphic," does not close its doors against the entrance of those whose presence graces and dignifies every meeting the object of which is to add to the sum of human happiness, or to ameliorate the condition of our fellow-creatures. A member of the Graphic, with whom we conversed in the room at Willis's, observed that "the ladies had no business here; such meetings as these are for artists to talk together about their Art." "And are there no such beings," was our reply, "as lady-artists, and ladies who can converse upon Art, and write about it, too, learnedly, philosophically, and most agreeably? Do you not know that the Art-literature of this country has not a few of its ablest supporters in our female writers?" and even were it not so, upon what principle would you exclude ladies from such an exposition as is now before us? are they unable to appreciate it? too frivolous to be interested in it? unworthy of holding communion with the intelligent minds that created the works so abundantly scattered on these tables, or placed against these walls?" We paused for a reply, but received none, and left the member of the Graphic to pursue his way through the long levies of tables and portfolio-stands extending the length of the apartment; not solitarily however; for he had brought a lady to the meeting, and thus ignored the principle for which he had contended. It would be well for the Graphic, we presume to say, to be less exclusive in the conduct of its *réunions* than it is: it would seem to have the organ of Secretiveness very largely developed; the doors of the Thatched House are jealously guarded against every intruder, unless introduced by a member, or he is fortunate enough to possess wealth to expend on Art, or to have gained a distinguished name. The fifth law of the Graphic declares;—"That there shall be annually chosen by the Society, and invited to the conversazione, a number not exceeding twenty noblemen and gentlemen, who are known as admirers of the Fine Arts, and encouragers of native talent; and also that there be chosen and invited five gentlemen distinguished in science, and five others eminent in literature; such invitations to be made in the name of the Society for the season, from a list to be proposed by the Committee at the end of each season, and presented to the general meeting for election by show of hands." Surely to this miserably restricted list of thirty noblemen and gentlemen, some ten representatives of the public press might be added, to say nothing of the ladies, without detriment to the interests of the Society. We have long since refrained from noticing the proceedings of this Institution—a fact which is, of course, of little importance to the members—simply because we do not choose to be indebted, to enable us to do so, to the mere courtesy of an individual for introduction to the room. And now, having said our say on this matter, we proceed to notice what the "Artists and Amateurs" had got together for the amusement and instruction of themselves and their friends at their first meeting. The oil-pictures were neither numerous nor of a very good order; the best being one or two studies of female figures, and another, a finished work, by Mr. Frith, R.A., and a large painting, by Mr. Brittan Willis, of plough-horses resting, entitled the "Morning Meal;" the animals in this work are very carefully drawn, but the landscape seemed to us deficient in vigour, and the distance wants air. Mr. Willis might give another week's labour to his picture with advantage. The contributions of water-

colour drawings, both framed and in portfolios, by Mr. David Cox, Jun., were extensive and good; like his father, he has a capital eye for colour, and a free style of handling; qualities that tell effectively in his sketches from nature. A portfolio of landscape sketches, by Mr. W. Bennett, who belongs to the "Cox" School, attracted a large crowd during the evening; so also did another by Mr. Soper, who is quietly but surely gaining ground among our landscape-painters: we do not remember ever to have seen before this any of his productions in water-colours; they are vigorously painted, and very truthful. A portfolio contributed by Mr. Dillon, of drawings from the pictures in the Pitti Palace, was much admired; they seemed to be executed in pencil only, or pencil over tints of ink, exquisitely finished, and, as we understood, were made by an Italian artist for the purpose of being engraved. Mr. W. Collingwood Smith, the President of the Society, sent a number of his landscape sketches, very boldly executed, and Mr. J. J. Jenkins a good variety of his figure subjects. From Mr. E. Goodall, was a large supply of Crimean sketches, many of which the public has seen in the columns of the *Illustrated News*. But the contributions of two amateur artists appeared to rivet the attention of the company as much, if not more, than any others: one, by Mr. Roberts, a gentleman resident at Camberwell, of landscapes, English and foreign, wrought out with a fine feeling of the truth of nature, a just conception of what constitutes the really picturesque, and a perfect mastery of his materials: the other, by a lady, Mrs. Robertson Blaine, of views in Syria, Venice, &c., and sketches of figures, slight in execution, yet powerful in effect to a degree, and admirable in colour: so excellent are these drawings, they might have passed as the works of some long-experienced master. The meetings of this Society have opened well, with abundance to interest the visitors during the whole evening.

SUGGESTIONS OF SUBJECT TO THE STUDENT IN ART.*

BY AN OLD TRAVELLER.

CHAPTER III.

The beloved Physician—The House of the High Priest—Who shall paint the Picture?—The Tuscan Masters—Fra Bartolommeo—Il Beato Angelico—The Schools of Umbria—Perugino and his Disciple—Leonardo—Sant' Agnese fuori le mura—Cammea—The True Servant of his Master—Philippe le Hardi—German Writers and the Artists of Germany—A Picture from Uhlant—The Invitation—An Interior of Elizabeth's Day—"Monsieur his Physionomie"—The King's Visit—An Impediment—Pictures from Cervantes—A Murcian Inn Yard—The Search—An Arrest—The Rhodian Swallow—Children of the Greek Isles—A worthy Race of Dogges—The Heir of Branksome—Masters of Hounds in the Olden Time—Gaston-Phœbus—Barnabé Visconti—The Bangles' Tragedy.

THERE is a passage in the writings of the Syrian Evangelist—"the beloved physician"—St. Luke, for whose profoundly touching uses neither Painting nor Sculpture has yet supplied an adequate exponent. Nay, recalling the wide and various import of those words, it may be affirmed that human art could scarcely avail to give them their full effect, whether in marble or on canvas: but honoured should be the artist, and proud the land of his birth, who should come but near to that heart-moving picture which the mind at least has power to call before it, when we read or listen reverently to the words in question. They are these:—

"And the Lord turned and looked upon Peter, and Peter remembered the words of the Lord."†

The extent to which the hall in "the high priest's house," with the various figures known to have been present, and other accessories, shall be brought into the picture, must depend

on the individual feeling of the artist; the moment which, in the writer's mind, has ever absorbed the whole interest, is that of the utterance of those words—never to be repeated but with the lowliest reverence—"And the Lord turned and looked upon Peter, and Peter remembered." Alas, for the agony of that remembrance! a pang deepened by the divine goodness of the pardon, beaming its gentle assurance from the sacred features of the Master, even while his unhappy follower stood self-condemned, as he lifted his tearful eyes to their light. No; we can never hope to have all this set before aught but the eyes of the mind and heart; nor for these, save in their best and purest moments: I despair of any worthy result, now or ever.

Do you differ from me? You, young, trusting, faithful; who feel that Art is a religion, and that none is worthy to serve at her altars who has not faith in the supremacy of her power. Be it so; and thrice welcome is your conviction, for who shall set limits to what such trust may accomplish!

You believe then that there are artists in the world—no matter to what country they may belong—so richly endowed that even for this high and holy task, this labour of pure love, they may find heart, and head, and hand, that shall prove sufficient? But read again, and you will feel that to assert so much would be to declare that all the noblest qualities demanded by Art in her most exalted phase, may be found combined in the person of one artist—for he who is to succeed must possess them all.

Have you ever seen a head of the Saviour that did not fail to give you entire satisfaction? We might even use less gentle terms, and say, that did not disappoint and chill you? It has at least not often been the writer's good fortune to escape these results, when standing, after long-cherished wishes, and with high-raised expectations, before a work wherein the delineation of the sacred form and features have been attempted, whether in painting or sculpture; yet, in speaking of the latter as well as the former, there is present to my recollection more than one work of great celebrity, and by renowned hands.

From the narrow and ascetic schools of Spain you will not hope much; but there are certain among the Tuscan masters who cannot fail to present themselves to your memory in reference to this subject. Fra Bartolommeo will stand prominent, yet not first, in the group, and there are works of his in Florence and at Lucca,* that might almost justify your thought; but pass through the Pitti Palace, where some of his finest paintings are to be found, and, admirable as most of his pictures are, it does not appear to me that even the "Christ after his Ascension," highly meritorious though it be in very many respects, could wholly satisfy you of his sufficiency for our present purpose.

Of Il Beato Angelico, it may be affirmed that beyond any other master he was worthy to undertake this sacred task; and if pure holiness of purpose, a seraphic devotion, the most lowly reverence, the utmost tenderness, could ensure success, for this—which being eminently a labour of love, and work of the heart, would require all those qualities—in Fra Angelico da Fiesole they were all to be found, and he must have succeeded. Then, you examine his works in Perugia, or you visit the chapel of Pope Nicholas, in the Vatican,† or the Gallery of the Academy in Florence,‡ or you linger long before the frescoes of Orvieto,§ and from each of these places you bring recollections of grace and beauty, holiness and sweetness of expression, which

* Among others, the "Madonna della Misericordia," in the church of San Romano, with another Madonna, having St. Stephen and St. John beside her, in a chapel of San Martino, a church of the same city.

† Where there are ten fresco-paintings, from the lives of St. Lawrence and Stephen, many of them unhappily much injured by restoration.

‡ Scenes from the life of Christ, formerly in the Sanctissima Annunziata, the convent of the Servites, in Florence. A "Deposition from the Cross," with figures in pyramidal compartments, attributed to Il Monaco (Don Lorenzo), and many other works by Angelico, are to be found in the Gallery of the Florentine Academy.

§ The subject of these works is "The Last Judgment"; they are in the chapel of the Madonna of San Brizio. In the Corsini Palace, in Rome, there is also a "Last Judgment" by this painter, with whom the subject was a favourite one.

* We need only mention Mrs. Forster, who so admirably edited "Vasari;" Mrs. Jameson, Mrs. Merrifield, the late Lady Calcott, Lady Jervis, "Florentia," Mrs. Bray, the biographer of Stothard.

* Continued from p. 40.

† Gospel of St. Luke, twenty-second chapter, sixty-first verse.

force you to shrine this master in your heart of hearts; inasmuch that when these qualities are in question it is to him that your memory first, nay, almost exclusively recurs: but have you the force and grandeur that you also want? Have you the sublime repose you seek, the dignity and divinity of pardon, the superhuman perfection of all holy attributes that you must equally require? I fear you have not; and wanting these, it is not from Angelico, warmly admired and deeply beloved though he be, that we may hope to obtain the work we look for.

But the prince of painters,—but he of whom it has been truly said, that in him "beauty of form is the expression of elevation of mind, of utmost purity of soul"—even Raphael; surely, you will perhaps say, "from his hand we might have hoped whatever the most devoted disciple of our Lord could either imagine or desire."

To this I will but reply, that if, for the greater glory of Art and the happiness of his contemporaries, Raphael had been permitted to delight and benefit his kind some ten years longer, he might, without doubt, have achieved whatever human power could or can accomplish towards the object we meditate.

You do not name Il Perugino—you omit all mention of him whose light, deservedly brilliant, was yet much dimmed, if not eclipsed by that of his greater disciple, as we find remarked by more than one writer. But if you examine his works, at a period when he was as yet untouched by those injurious influences which did undoubtedly ruin the efficiency of this painter, you will admit that he has not always received full justice; and if not meet for the work we think of, he is at least well entitled to take rank among the first of the Umbrian masters. We have not space for the citation of particular instances among his numerous—too numerous—works, in proof of this assertion, but without going beyond the walls of the Florentine Academy, you will find enough to convince you that the obligations of Raphael to his early master have been frequently underrated.

Loud and long have been the plaudits that have ever followed the name of Leonardo da Vinci, yet has he never had all the praise due to his deserts—has not and cannot have; for if the life of the most enduring patriarch had been doubled in his instance, he could have filled it all with glory. What then was there wanting to Leonardo? He wanted leisure; and that notwithstanding his length of days. Courts and Kings came between him and his genius; and here I do not allude to the universality of his powers and attainments, a quality in which he was never approached, I am content to abide by what he was, as relates to the formative Arts only, and I say that, when left to his own inspirations none could surpass him. To name but one proof, out of many that may be given—for our space has long been overleaped—go to Milan, and in the Gallery of the Brera you shall find a work which, although but a sketch, may serve appropriately to illustrate our present position, since it is a head of Christ, believed to be a study for that now ruined treasure, Leonardo's "Last Supper." Beautiful things by the same master are also to be found in the collection attached to the Ambrosian Library, in the above-named city; but for the moment they must all be left unspecified.

There is a small bust in marble, standing on a lonely altar in the subterranean church of Sant' Agnese, beyond the walls of Rome, and popularly attributed, but without sufficient authority, to Michael Angelo. It does not remind you of the great Florentine, and there is much to desire in the work, but the expression has a beauty of holiness too often sought in vain.

"I am ending the course of my life; the world knows, and will one day bear witness to the truth, that I have dearly loved my country; I have returned, not only to die in her bosom, but to die with her."

Such are the words of Camoens, uttered at the close of his varied life. It is still of Portugal

* See Kugler's "Handbook of Painting," with the valuable notes of Sir Charles Eastlake, Part II., p. 326.

he thinks, not of himself: heart-broken for the ruin he saw clearly to be impending over his native land, the patriot-poet forgot, if he did not disdain to mourn over, his own sorrowful condition. Let us see how his country repaid him.

Through one of the most frequented streets of Lisbon a busy population is pouring its noon-tide stream: priest and soldier, peer and peasant; the high-born dame and the dark-eyed maiden of lowly birth, her loveliness and sweet goodness her sole dower; the crutch-borne grandsire, bent with age, and the dancing child caring for none of these things; you have here whatever a great city has to offer; but the interest of the whole is concentrated—for you—on the head of an aged beggar, whose whitened beard descends from a face of beautiful expressions, although he may not boast the features of the proud Caucasian races.

For this is the Javanese servant of Luis de Camões: of Camoens, "at once the Homer, and the Virgil of Portugal." He is begging for the morsel that is to sustain the life of his master during the few short days yet to intervene, before the most illustrious bard of Lusitania shall die miserably on the flock bed of the public hospital. Too scanty, alas, is the pittance accorded; and the brave soldier, the enlightened patriot, the inspired poet—for Camoens was all these—sinks untimely, despite the faithful cares of his follower. Do not let the devotion of that true servant to his master be forgotten. Time—the all-restoring, no less than the all-destroying—has offered to the Poet such reparation as Fame may give—the follower yet awaits his guerdon; let the hand of the artist weave the chaplet for his brow, and be certain that it shall not be placed on an unworthy head.

Two causes are assigned for the epithet "Le Hardi," bestowed on Philippe, son of John of France, the incidents are not in either case ill-suited to the purposes of the painter, and you shall have them both.

At the Battle of Poitiers, the Dauphin and his two brothers, the Dukes of Anjou and Berry, were prevailed on to leave the field, even while the conflict was still raging; thus they may be said to have abandoned their father, who was hotly engaged in the midst of the strife; but Philippe, the youngest brother, then but sixteen years old, refused to accompany them, and kept close to his father's side: severely wounded, he yet fought on, and was taken prisoner with the King—a result which at that period, and with his feelings, the young prince must have detested more than wounds or death.

For his brave defence of his father on this occasion it was that, according to some writers, he received the name of Philippe le Hardi; others declare the following incident to have given rise to the appellation.

While at the English Court, Philippe was in the habit of attending, with other young nobles, —and as was the custom of the time—on the two kings as they sat together at table, when he remarked that one of his companions, an Englishman, and subject of Edward, presented the viands to his own Sovereign before offering them to the King of France. "Thereupon," as an old writer on the subject hath it, "this prince up with his fist and dealt that youth a *scherret* on the ear, saying—'How now! hast thou dared to serve the King of England while the Monarch of France sits at the board?'"

The affronted noble drew his dagger, and raised his hand to avenge the blow, but King Edward, hastily extending an arm, drew the French prince within his clasp, and commanded the justly-enraged assailant to forbear. Then, turning to John, who was an anxious spectator of the scene, he exclaimed, with a friendly smile; "We must call this boy Philippe le Hardi; we may be sure that he will know how to justify the title."

Now, the battle or the buffet? one or both. There is no lack of interest in either picture, nor any danger, methinks, that you should suffer the salient points of either action to escape you.

The artists of Germany do not let the words of its writers fall unheeded to the ground; least of all could Göthe complain of inattention on their part to such oracles as it pleased him to propound.

Here is half a line, written from Velletri, in a letter, dated 22nd February, 1787, in which the author simply uttereth the following. He is speaking of Prince Chigi's seat at Aricia, and he says:—

"Es gäbe das grösste Bild, wenn es ein rechter Künstler unternähme." "This would furnish the finest of pictures, if a true artist would undertake it."

On this hint it is that Oswald Offenbach, an exhibitor in the German Exhibition held in London last year, has spoken; his landscape—seen by the present writer at Vienna in 1852, but mentioned principally in illustration of the remark made above—is an Italian scene of well-known features, and will rise before you without further description. We will presently show that our own oracles yield responses by no means less significant than those of the great German; nor will we be negligent in the consultation thereof, when the propitious moment shall arrive: but for the present occasion, we too will seek our picture among those painted by the pens of our Teutonic cousins.

And in Umland we find one, still a landscape, but appealing to a wider range of sympathies than that so faintly intimated above; if not for itself, yet certainly for its figures, and for the universal interest of that feeling which animates the speaker, and is as clearly shared by the listener, of the group. It is in "Die Einladung"—"the Invitation," that we find it, the words are these:—

"Ich hab' ein kleines Hüttchen nur,
Es steht auf einem Wiesenhügel,
Bei einem Bach, der Bach ist klein,
Könnt aber wohl nicht heller seyn."

The following may be accepted as a translation sufficiently close to give the features of the scene, with the relation borne by the actors to each other; a cordial and pleasant one, as ye shall see in a summer day's journey:—

"Mine, dear one, is a poor cot only,
Tis in a vale, flower-gem'd and lonely.
There's a glad streamlet dancing near,
A rude wild thing, but crystal clear."

Then follow two stanzas concerning a tree and a nightingale; but these, if you be so minded, we can "pretermit." The conclusion is as follows:—

"Du kleine, mit dem Blonden Haar,
Die längst schon, meine Freude war.
Ich gehe; rauhe Winde wehn.
Willst du mit mir ins Hüttchen gehn?"

"Sweetest! with locks of golden sheen,
Thou who hast long my sole joy been.
Lo! I depart. The chill winds blow.
Wilt with me to my poor cot go?"

And she will go. The earnest-looking suppliant is not doomed to refusal. He may say with the Muscovite lover—

"Tis not to day that first we tell
How long our hearts have loved—how well."

And the maiden? She is no mere "yellow-haired lassie"—the sweet girl! the "golden sheen" is on locks of a soft clear lovely brown; but they have it, and to perfection, that sheen. Do not believe the lover's partial eyes are seeing what exists only for them; look for yourself:—that is a veritable golden glow on those rich brown tresses; but, much better than this, she lifts trustingly towards the face of the speaker a pair of the most heart-warming eyes—deep dark blue, with a tinge of the violet, and a tempering fringe for their lashes: these give comfortable assurance that the hope of her frank-looking manly suitor will not be rendered vain, now or hereafter. What a firm, yet elastic, step, too, is that with which she draws yet nearer to her lover's side: the figure is worthy of the face, which gives a thousand pleasant promises in its somewhat serious, yet sweet and cheerful aspect. Nor is the winner of this prize unworthy of his

* Bobrov, from the "Russian Anthology" of Sir John Bowring.

fortune: you see well that he is the proper counterpart of that fair girl: wherefore, let us give them our benison, and leave them to their happiness.

Meanwhile we may bestow a glance on the place of their abode: and you see that in addition to the "Vale"—charmingly framed in by fine heights, where the stream does not close its bounds—there is a delicious "distance,"—and across a glade of this, you may perceive a doe with her fawn, passing slowly. It is then veritably a "lonely" dwelling, that you can but just discern, partially appearing beneath the grand old oaks;—so much the better: and blessed be their lot therein, the winsome pair.

Highly worthy of the painter's attention, and not unfrequently chosen by our artists for the varied effects they present, are the rich and quaint Interiors of Elizabeth's time; and here is one of the Palace of Theobalds, which combines almost every attribute, whether of form or decoration, whereby these gorgeous rooms attract to themselves so large a share of the artist's regard.

A chamber of ample space it is, and exhibits due harmony of proportion: the prevailing tints are deep and warm; and, for the moment, the place is tenanted by a fluttering bevy of fair damsels, eagerly clustering about a table whereon are placed rare caskets of Italian workmanship. One of these stands open and displays the jewels, brought, without doubt, by the dark-looking figure, in southern garb, who is evidently "waiting her Highness' pleasure."

Elizabeth herself, no longer young, is seen walking slowly along the terrace, which is visible from the open windows of the room. She has been interrupted in her examination of the "gauds" by some less agreeable occupation; her head is bent thoughtfully; and she seems to be listening, in some displeasure, to the ancient noble, whose step follows her own at the distance of less than half a pace: he is, in fact, all but walking beside her.

This group offers a notable contrast to that gathered around the stranger,—a Venetian merchant, perchance, admitted to this high presence in consideration of the rarity and great value of the productions enriching his caskets. Towards one of these, still closed, a fair and curious finger is pointed, as if the owner would entreat that its contents might be given to her view; but the matronly dame, who is extending her protecting hand over the lid, while she turns a warning glance on the stately figure without, seems to recommend discretion, until their royal mistress shall return to set the treasure free.

In the right hand of the merchant is a jewel which fixes general attention, and if not that very "littell floure of gold, with a frogge thereon and therein Mounsier his phisomye,"—the said "phisomye" believed to be a portrait of the Duke D'Alençon, afterwards Duke of Anjou, and one of Elizabeth's most nearly successful suitors—it is yet manifestly worthy of all consideration, in the eyes of the group by which its fortunate exhibitor is surrounded. The left hand of this personage holds a "pomander-box" not unlike to that "cunning flasket of amber, with a foote of golde and on the top thereof a beare, with his ragged staffe"—the device, as our readers will remember, of the Earl of Leicester—which was also among the possessions of Elizabeth in that day when her "three thousand gownes" had all to be resigned for the narrow garments of the tomb.

Fallen from the open casket and lying on the table is "A cawle of gold, with nine true-loves of pearl and seven buttons of fine gold, with, in each button, a ruby," and beside this desirable decoration lie certain "nutte-crackers" also of gold, having "diamond sparkes to garnish the heade and pointes thereof." Other and equally delectable contrivances there are, "happy woman be her dole," who is privileged to behold, what then to call herself mistress of such!

But some topic scarcely less absorbing, is surely in discussion by that youth, half-concealed in the shadows of a distant window, or he could scarcely have induced the bright girl who

listens, to abandon the dear occupation of her companions. She glances towards the terrace, where paces the grim Majesty of England, but Elizabeth is happily intent on other cares, and so the colloquy holding in that deep recess may proceed to its obvious results. Numerous accessories heighten the interest of the picture, as Imagination presents it brightly to the view, but these will vary to infinitude, as the taste and character of him who paints shall vary: wherefore we need not further indicate such as "our own poor fancy" furnishes.

Continuing to stay at home at ease—let us nevertheless vary our ground to some extent, and see whether the romantic annals of the mother-land may not furnish us with a subject that shall enable some aspirant to a name in the future to show us how fire should be exhibited on canvas. There is a well-authenticated fact, closely germane to the matter, among the not always praiseworthy *Gesta* of Henry VIII., and as it does not appear in the general history of the period—although conspicuous in its local records, the story is believed to have escaped the notice of our painters.

Among the rich possessions of that lovely Joan Plantagenet, whose poetical appellation the "Fair Maid of Kent," will perhaps be best known to our artist-readers, was the manor-house of her maternal ancestor, Baldwin de Wake, which, having been strongly fortified by Thomas de Wake in the early part of the fourteenth century, was thenceforth known as Baynard Castle.

It was perhaps about the third decade of the sixteenth century, and when the dangerous vices of our eighth Henry's later life had rendered his nobles cautious of their monarch's approach to the sanctuary of their homes, that the then Lord of Baynard Castle—still a De Wake—had taken to himself a beautiful bride, with whom he there lived in close retirement. Rumours of the lady's loveliness had not failed to reach the court, and Henry, visiting his northern cities, resolved to judge for himself as to the justice of the praise bestowed on it,—thus he despatched a messenger to his great feudatory, giving the latter to know that on the day following the one which saw the missive reach him, he might expect the honour of a visit from his sovereign.

But De Wake knew the character of the perilous guest proposed to him; therefore it was that he avoided the court, and he was firmly resolved that no breath of suspicion, such as might well be apprehended from the menaced visit, should pass over the fair fame of his wife.—Yet how decline the proffered distinction? He could invent no pretext, discover no means for doing so—the moments were passing rapidly, an early hour of the following morning had been named for the King's arrival, yet night fell and eleven o'clock—an unusually late period for vigil at that time—found De Wake with the King's letter still in his hand, while he remained wholly undetermined as to the mode whereby he might escape from the danger, which he had nevertheless resolved not to incur.

His fair wife,—to whom he had confessed his apprehension of the King's arrival, but without offending her ear with any intimation of its cause—had long stood beside him, now suggesting some plan—rejected as soon as proposed, then again devising some other method, which had no better fate, and anon doing her best to reconcile her husband to an infliction that seemed inevitable.

"His presence will not disturb us long,"—she urged, when, all her simple wiles declared to be impracticable—she became convinced that the visit must be endured, since better might not be.—"He will not be with thee more than the second day at most, my husband," she softly said, "then we may return to the quietude thou lovest so well, and will forget that ever he came."

But this did not avail to diminish the gloom that had settled on the brow of De Wake, and hopeless of an issue from the dilemma into which they had fallen, the young bride laid her head mournfully on the shoulder of her husband, and burying her small hand lovingly amidst the

waving locks on his forehead, she exclaimed, "Now I would that we were but as our good Robert the Forester, and had no kind of dwelling that could lodge this evil king."

Her words were an inspiration! "Thou hast said it, sweetheart," returned her awakened lord, and rising hastily from his attitude of despondency he aroused his seneschal, an old and trusted servant of his house, commanding him at once to summon that Robert the Forester, to whose lowly abode the lady had so opportunely referred. For a moment she remained in blank astonishment, unable to divine the manner wherein her lamentation over their inconvenient greatness could avail to deliver them from their strait, but the directions given to his seneschal by her husband, soon made her sensible to all the value of her words, and after a few hours spent in the needful preparation, she was led forth by De Wake to a bold elevation at a safe distance from the home whose splendour she had bewailed, and which they presently beheld blazing at all points.

Morning found the high-born pair without any dwelling wherein they could lodge yon "evil king;" they were reduced to accept shelter from Robert the Forester, and as his hut could not suffice beyond the first moments of necessity, De Wake was constrained to bear his wife to a distant abode, having duly notified to the approaching sovereign that untoward mishap whereby the honour of a royal visit had been for that time lost to his house.*

There is more than one point of time in this narrative, sure to recommend itself to the pencil of the painter. Even to the duller and less imaginative eyes of the writer many pictures arise, as he reproduces the old story, and to the choice of the artist we leave them. Three daughters inherited the beauties and excellencies of this fairest lady—whose maturer life proved her to be wise and good as well as lovely—but she had no son, and each of the three carried a portion of her broad lands into a noble family whose name still remains to such portions in attestation of the fact. The Duke of Richmond, the Earl of Westmoreland, and the Lord of Powis, were the bridegrooms of those maidens respectively, and the lands received by these nobles with their brides, continue to be called Cottingham Powis, Cottingham Westmoreland, and Cottingham Richmond, accordingly.

Among the shorter stories of Cervantes, less known than his *Don Quixote* and not so much admired, but works of considerable merit nevertheless, is a tale of a gypsy-girl, which having been translated into English, is in the hands of most readers. Within its few pages are many pictures, and here is one that has at least the advantage of animation.

The scene is in the *patio* or court-yard of the Murcian venta, or inn, where Juana, the daughter of the ventera, or landlady, having fallen in love with the nobly-born *Novio*, or betrothed, of the heroine Preciosa (who lives disguised among the gypsies, to be near his promised wife)—is avenging herself for his refusal to accept her own hand, by accusing him of theft, and demands to have the baggage animals of the gypsy-tribe, all loaded for departure and surrounded by their owners equally prepared for travel, unpacked and examined in search of her lost property.

Now Juana had concealed certain of her jewels among the packages of Don Juan, the disguised lover, but, unsuspecting of her treachery, he rebuts the charge with unembarrassed mien. The delicate face of Preciosa, calm in her assurance of her lover's integrity, presents a striking contrast to that of the bold Juana, and even to those of her companions, who are of gypsy-race, while she, as the story has already told us, is, like her lover, highly-born. The old woman who has stolen her, and who stands near, is in consultation with men of the

* The reader will be hereby reminded of a similar sacrifice made at a later period by the then chief of the noble house of Campden, but under circumstances of different character. Lord Campden destroyed his Gloucestershire manor-house, to prevent the troops of the Parliament from availing themselves of its shelter.

tribe, varying in age, but all presenting the picturesque forms and handsome features of their race.

The officers of justice, summoned by Juana, are entering the court, and the *mozo de la cuadra** is contending with a gypsy-woman from whose ass he is removing its burthen.

At a later moment in the same incident, there is a second picture of a totally different character, although with the same actors. Don Juan, having received a blow from a soldier, and forgetting all but the dictates of a suddenly awakened rage, has torn the sword of the offender from its scabbard and laid him dead on the spot with his own weapon. "Then do cries for vengeance become frantic yells," exclaims the Spanish author; "then do the kinsmen of the dead fall on the disguised cavalier: Preciosa sinks down fainting, Don Juan, hastening to assist his betrothed, neglects to provide for his own defence and is seized before he can approach her, while the old hag of a pretended grandmother wrings her brown hands, and the wicked Juana—cause of all the mischief—smiles with the joy of a demon over the ruin she has made."

In all this there is evidently much life and movement; the first of these pictures is perhaps the most attractive, but the second may be preferred by some of our young readers, to whom we leave the choice without further comment.

A custom recorded by that most voracious of readers, and strangely various writer, Athenæus, of Naucratis,† as prevailing in his time, and which probably continues to prevail even to our own day, in the more unfrequented of the Greek isles, must needs present many circumstances well calculated to afford matter for the study of the painter.

When the Swallow returns with the return of spring, bright troops of Rhodian children, securing tenderly the first they can obtain, bear the bird with jubilant songs and dances from dwelling to dwelling. They are crowned with flowers, and rejoicing beneath the blue sunny heavens of their delicious clime, they sing the following strain:—

"He comes, the bird whose wing shall bear
To us soft hours and seasons fair,
The Swallow hither comes to rest
His sable wings and snowy breast.

Then from thy flowing wealth bestow
Rich flagons of the rosy wine,
And wheaten cakes of flour most fine.
The ripe fig-cheese within our baskets stow,
And let the Swallow-guest partake
The dainties of thine omelet cake.

Now shall we empty-handed go,
Or will you give? Say, 'Yes' or 'No.'
If 'No,' then see you guard your door,
We'll take it, poets and all,—nay, more,
Your dainty wife—'tis mere child's play,
So light she is—we'll bear away.

Give, then, and give with liberal hand,
The Swallow asks, your doors unfold,
No grey-beards we, faint, feeble, old,
But Rhodian boys that on thy threshold stand."

The pictures presented by these verses require no further description, they "*sautent aux yeux*," as our neighbours say, and very pleasant encountering too.

The love of Sir Walter Scott for every "worthie race of dogges," as quaint Gervase Markham hath it, is well-known; and from his honoured hand we have here, what is called by a competent judge, "the best poetical description yet written of one species in action." That

* *Mozo de la Cuadra*, hostler or stable-boy.

† He is said, by a German writer, to quote more than fifteen hundred last works, and to cite the names of seven hundred authors, many of whom would have remained unknown but for Athenæus.

‡ This translation is by the Rev. J. Mitford, and will be found in the pleasant "Favourite Haunts" of Jesse, p. 295. It is supposed by the present writer—who is acquainted with the original by extract and translation only—to be taken, as are other passages in the same volume, from the "*Autographes*" of Athenæus; that being the only work of the author—a few fragments excepted—that has been preserved to our times.

species is perhaps not the most amiable or most interesting of its kind, but it is at least among the most sagacious. In any case the words of Sir Walter present you with an excellent picture. They describe the heir of Branksome when lost in the forest, and do their "spiriting" so effectually that not another word needs to be added.

"He journey'd on,
And deeper in the wood is gone,
For aye the more he sought his way,
The farther still he went astray,
Until he heard the mountains round
Ring to the baying of a hound.
And hark, and hark, the deep-mouth'd bark,
Comes nigher still and nigher,
Bursts on the path a dark blood-hound,
His tawny muzzle track'd the ground,
And his red eye shot fire.
Soon as the wilder'd child saw he,
He flew at him right furiously.

I wene you would have seen with joy,
The bearing of that gallant boy,
When, worthy of his noble sire,
His wet cheek glow'd 'twixt fear and ire;
He faced the blood-hound manfully,
And held his little bat on high;
So fierce he struck, the dog, afraid,
At cautious distance hoarsely bay'd,
But still in act to spring:
When dash'd an archer through the glade,
And when he saw the hound was stay'd,
He drew his tough bow-string,
But a rough voice cried, 'Shoot not, hoy!
Ho! shoot not, Edward! 'tis a boy!'"

Here follows a prose description of this dog (the blood-hound) by an excellent authority of the day:—

"A true blood-hound—and the pure breed is rare—stands about eight-and-twenty inches in height; he is muscular, compact, and strong; the forehead is broad and the face narrow towards the muzzle; the nostrils are wide and well-developed; the ears are large, pendulous, and broad at the base; the aspect is serene and sagacious; the tail is long, with an upward curve when in pursuit, at which time the hound opens with a voice deep and sonorous, that may be heard down the wind for a very long distance.

"The colour of the pure breed is almost invariably a reddish brown, darkening gradually towards the upper part till it becomes mixed with black on the back; the lower parts, limbs, and tail being of a lighter shade, and the muzzle tawny." Pennant adds—"This dog has a black spot over each eye;" but those in the possession of Mr. Astle, known to be of pure blood, have not these marks.

Speaking of hounds in general, Gervase Markham says—"They runne surely, and with great boldness, loving the *Stagge* more than any other beast, but they make no account of hares."

Now herein these estimable animals differ widely from those fairy beagles about whom so disastrous a tale is told, for these did so love the hare, according to Markham's definition of loving—namely, worrying to the death—that they were never known to return from the chase without having "stuck to and worried her at the last," even though they "could never get near enough to press her very closely in the early part of the run."

What marvel then, since such was their beautiful persistence, that their happy and yet most unhappy owner should die of despair when—But we are beginning our tragedy at its close, and must recommence, to proceed "in the forms."

These exquisite little Beagles, (so delicately diminutive that the whole symmetrical twenty-two of them were taken to the field in a pair of paniers on a horse's back,) were one night locked safely in their kennel, with all the care due to their perfections; but lo you, now! what chances! on the following morning was it not found that some thief, or rather, some body of conspirators, had forced the door, and that the whole "cry of beagles" had been carried bodily thence! Alas! they had! and since this is but too true, can it surprise us that the disconsolate owner should break his heart! or if he did not actually effect so much, one is almost inclined to say he ought to have done so, and the rather as a more appropriate manner for the dying—I beg his pardon, the "going to earth" of a master of hounds, "well-bred," could scarcely be imagined.

Talking of masters of hounds would remind one, if his history were not in other respects so

melancholy as almost to darken one's recollections even of Dame Juliana's joyous science,—of that brave, wicked, handsome, horrible Gaston-Phœbus, Count de Foix, whom one knows not whether most to admire and pity, or most to shudder at and abhor, but whose kennels (to keep to our muttons) held no less than 1600 dogs, "worthie" or not, as the case may be, and who made the wilds of his beautiful territories amidst the glorious Pyrenees daily echo with their music.

Hear this, ye Lambtons, Wardes, Beaumonts, and Aasheton Smiths, past, present, or to come: ye of our own merry hunting-grounds; hear it and hide your diminished heads, whenever numbers rather than quality may chance to be the question!

Yet is even this great "M. H." fairly eclipsed by one of the Visconti, whose dogs amounted to full 5000, and who loved them so much better than his peasants—whose lives were chained to the care of the animals, these last being drafted into different villages, since Visconti had not kennels for their lodgment—that if he found one too lean, he would cut off the keeper's ears, and if another proved too fat, the delinquent's members were equally forced to pay for the mistake: the dismal remembrance whereof shall make this suffice for the subject, which is else one that we might be willing still to dilate on together; for I hold that he will prove but a cold kind of artist who doth not love "a worthie race of Dogges."*

OBITUARY.

MR. WILLIAM RADCLIFFE.

Mr. Radclyffe, an engraver of considerable practice and distinction, long settled at Birmingham, died there, on the 29th of December last, in his seventy-third year. We have, on more than one occasion, availed ourselves of the talents of Mr. Radclyffe, on the engravings which have appeared in the *Art-Journal*. He executed for us "*Nest in the Desert*," after the picture by W. Muller, in the volume for 1847; and "*Crossing the Sands*," after Collins, R.A., in the volume for 1848. We abridge from a local paper, the *Midland Counties Herald*, the following account of his career.

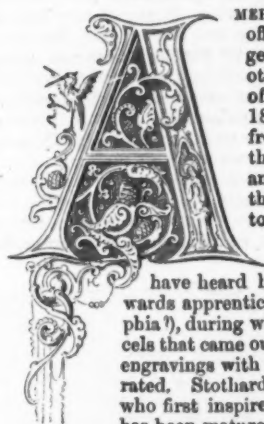
"Mr. Radclyffe was a native of this town, and resided in it for more than seventy years. Devoting himself to Art as his profession, he zealously applied himself to line engraving, giving at an early period of his career unmistakable proofs of proficiency by an ably-executed plate of the late Rev. Dr. Milner, after a portrait painted by the late Mr. H. Barber. Another portrait of Lord Nelson, published about the year 1805, was also conducive to his reputation. Afterwards he contributed largely to the gratification of the popular taste for light literature, pictorial illustration, and sumptuous binding, by furnishing a number of the plates by which the annuals, in their best days, gained their popularity. He engraved various pictures by Turner, Reinagle, and other painters, but the '*Graphic Illustrations of Warwickshire*,' issued in 1829, was undoubtedly his *chef-d'œuvre*. This charming volume, which still maintains the reputation of being a standard book, was enriched by thirty-two line engravings, from drawings by David Cox, De Wint, J. D. Harding, J. V. Barber, Westall, Hutchinson, and others. The engravings were all executed by Mr. Radclyffe himself, and have probably never been surpassed, or even equalled, as book plates. Roscoe's '*Wanderings in North and South Wales*' owes much of its attractions to the productions of Mr. Radclyffe's hand. In 1814 he was associated with Mr. Barber and Mr. Samuel Lines, in establishing the first School of Art opened in Birmingham. The institution was dissolved in 1821, and in the same year the Society of Arts, in New Street, was founded. With this institution Mr. Radclyffe was associated from the commencement. When the disruption between the artists and the society took place, in 1842, Mr. Radclyffe followed the fortunes of his professional brethren, assisted in forming the present Society of Artists, and continued to discharge the duties of an active member until he was seized with the affliction which terminated in death. Many engravers of established fame were trained in their Art by Mr. Radclyffe, amongst them being Mr. J. T. Willmore, A.R.A.

* To be continued.

BRITISH ARTISTS: THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER.

WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. XIII.—CHARLES ROBERT LESLIE, R.A.



AMERICA claims Mr. Leslie as one of her own offspring, and here, in Art-circles, it was very generally believed that he was born on the other side of the Atlantic, till the appearance of a letter in the *Art-Journal* of January, 1843, set the matter at rest. This letter was from a fellow-student with Mr. Leslie; it ran thus:—"Leslie has no more title to be called an American than you or I: he was born in the parish of Clerkenwell, and was taken early to America by his parents, not so early, however, as to prevent his having a perfect recollection of the voyage out, of which I

have heard him relate many particulars. He was afterwards apprenticed to a bookseller in New York (Philadelphia?), during which time it was his delight to open the parcels that came out from England for the sake of the beautiful engravings with which the books were at that time decorated. Stothard, Smirke, Cook, and Uwins were the artists who first inspired Leslie with that love of painting which has been matured by study into excellence. No sooner had

he emancipated himself from his short apprenticeship, than he returned, yet a youth, to his native country, and entered as a student at the Royal Academy, where he soon distinguished himself," &c. &c. These facts are in all essential particulars borne out in a biographical work* very recently published; we there read that Mr. Leslie, "painter and author, was born in London,—not, as often stated, in America, but — of American parents, in the year 1794. In 1799 his father quitted England, and settled in Philadelphia, where the painter was educated. In 1811, the latter returned to England to study the Art. His first instructors in England were both American-born artists; the venerable President, West—who in all ways showed himself a kind friend to the youth—and Washington Allston, a painter of very refined taste, better and more justly known on the other side of the Atlantic than on this." We believe there is an error in this statement; that Mr. Leslie's parents were not American but English; they migrated to the United States, where the talents of the youth attracted the notice of some gentlemen, who advised his return to this country, and gave him letters of introduction to Messrs. Dunlop & Co., American merchants in London, afterwards his warm friends and earliest patrons.

According to the statement of an American writer,† Mr. Leslie's "first attempt was a likeness of Cooke the tragedian, taken at the theatre while apprenticed to a bookseller at Philadelphia. He soon copied admirably, and became, like most of his fraternity, early occupied with portraits. After teaching drawing a short time at West Point, he resigned the appointment, returned to England, &c. She claims him as her own, but although born there, his parents were Americans, and his first lessons in art received on this side of the water." We have before us another account of Leslie's youthful life, published in Arnold's "Magazine of the Fine Arts," so far back as 1834; the writer there asserts that Leslie "came over to England very early in life, when he was quite a boy, and

received his education at the Charter-House School, along with his brother. It was at this school that he first became instructed in the rudiments and elementary parts of drawing, under the tuition of Burgess, the father of the present talented artist of that name; excellent for his delineation and portraiture of trees. And long previous to his quitting the Charter-House School, the pupil had by many degrees outstripped the master in the character and general beauty of his drawings." We give both these statements without attaching credibility to either of them; for it is scarcely probable that Leslie, himself yet untaught, and employed in a business, would either have the ability or the time to become an instructor, and moreover he was not more than sixteen years of age when he returned to England. Mr. Tuckerman is evidently wrong in his dates; the appointment of Mr. Leslie to the military school at West Point did not take place till several years after he had become a Royal Academician. Neither does it seem likely that he was ever in the Charter-House School, for he could not have been above six years old when his father took him to America, and after he came back he must at once have entered the Royal Academy. After all, it is of comparatively small moment where a man of genius is born, or where educated: still, every country has a right to be proud of her great minds, and England, as we presume to have shown satisfactorily, may claim Mr. Leslie on the score of birth, parentage, and Art-education, while to America belongs the honour—and it is by no means a slight one—of discovering his talent, and putting him in the right road for its full development.

The earliest works of this painter were, as is often the case with tyros, of a rather miscellaneous range of subject. Young artists are apt to test their own powers, as well as the taste of the public, in a variety of ways, that they may ascertain what is likely to succeed, and what it would be policy to avoid. Mr. Leslie attempted history, sacred and profane, and domestic subjects. In the collection of Sir John Leicester, afterwards Lord De Tabley, was a large early painting by Leslie, of "Saul and the Witch of Endor," which showed the young artist to possess very con-

siderable skill in composition, and much poetic imagination; it bore evidence also of great power as a colourist. He soon however had the perception to discover where his strength lay, and at once directed his attention to painting English history from the pages of Shakespeare, and scenes admitting similar dramatic treatment, from Sterne, "Don Quixote," the "Spectator," &c. Among his most successful early pictures, were "SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY GOING TO CHURCH AMID HIS TENANTRY," a work, as Dr. Waagen remarks, of delicate observation of character; in it we recognise "the fine old English gentlemen" whom Steele describes, kind, courtly, and benevolent: it is in the possession of the Marquis of Lansdowne. Others were "ANNE PAGE AND SLENDER," and "MAY-DAY IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN ELIZABETH," all three of which were engraved not very long after their appearance, and are now transferred to our own pages. In 1821 Mr. Leslie was elected associate of the Royal Academy.

In 1824 appeared his first version of "SANCHO PANZA AND THE DUCHESS," painted for the late Lord Egremont; other versions, such as that in the Vernon Gallery, were produced some years afterwards: our readers who will take the trouble to compare the engraving on this page, which is from the former work, with that we gave three or four years since in our "Vernon Series," will see what variations the artist has introduced into his later work. Miss Rogers, sister of the deceased poet, has, according to Dr. Waagen, the

repetition of this subject. In 1825 he exhibited "Slender, with the assistance of Shallow, courting Anne Page;" "Sir Henry Wotton presenting the Countess Sabrina with a valuable jewel on the eve of his departure from Venice," engraved in "Wotton's Lives;" and six subjects (drawings) from the Waverley Novels, engraved in the illustrated edition of Scott's works. In this year Mr. Leslie was chosen Royal Academician, and signalled his election in the exhibition of the following year by his "Don Quixote having retired to Sierra Morena to do penance, is induced to relinquish his design by a stratagem of the Curate and the Barber, assisted by Dorothea." This work elicited very general admiration, yet perhaps even less than his picture of 1827—



Engraved by]

ANN PAGE AND SLENDER.

[J. & G. P. Nickolls.

* "Men of the Time." Published by D. Bogue, London. A most valuable book of reference: it gives a short, yet, for general purposes, sufficient, and ample historical sketch of all the eminent living men of our day, whatever the subject may be which has raised them to distinction.

† "Artist Life; or, Sketches of American Painters." By H. R. Tuckerman. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. 1847.

for we do not rank his two clever studies of the heads of Sancho Panza and Don Quixote, exhibited the same year, as anything else but studies—"LADY JANE GREY PREVAILED ON TO ACCEPT THE CROWN," this picture, from the gracefulness of the composition, the truthful and poetical feeling thrown into it, and the purity and sweetness of the colouring, must take its place among the finest works of the artist; it has been engraved on a rather large scale. The following year Mr. Leslie exhibited nothing, but in 1829 appeared another capital scene from the "Spectator," "Sir Roger de Coverley having his fortune told by Gypsies;" it tells the story in a forcible and natural manner. The year 1830 was also a blank. To the exhibition of 1831 he contributed "Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman," now in the Vernon Gallery. Mr. Sheepshanks has a repetition of this inimitable picture, in which the widow appears somewhat more refined in character than in the Vernon picture; the other contribution of this year was a scene from the "Merry Wives of Windsor," the dinner in Mr. Page's house; the personages of the dramatist are placed on the canvass with singular appreciation of their characters, and are painted with great solidity and firmness of drawing, and with a powerful general effect arising from the skilful management of the two principal colours, black and red. This picture, we believe, is also in the possession of Mr.

Sheepshanks. In 1832 he exhibited two pictures, one of them of a nature to tax the powers of any artist; this was a "Family Picture," containing portraits of about a dozen members, male and female, of the Grosvenor family. Leslie, says a critic of the day, "mastered the difficulties of the subject, and proved how subservient every obstacle can be to one who knows how to study nature in her proper mood, and conceive a proper taste in the selection and arrangement of his objects." It was painted for the Marquess of Westminster, in whose possession it of course remains. The other, a scene in the "Taming of the Shrew," where Petruchio, Catherine, Grumio, and the Tailor are present, and Petruchio vents his rage upon the trembling maker of the lady's cap and gown, represents the incident of the play in a perfectly truthful yet original manner; the attitude and expression of each figure are really dramatic, yet not overstrained; this quality of close adherence to nature is one of the great charms of Mr. Leslie's illustrations to Shakspeare, Don Quixote, &c. Mr. Sheepshanks is also the fortunate owner of this picture.

To the exhibition of 1833 Leslie sent three paintings, "Tristram Shandy recovering his lost Manuscripts," "Mother and Child," and "Martha and Mary before Christ." Of these the first was the most successful; "the earnestness and anxiety of poor Tristram, as he unfolds each crumpled



Engraved by]

MAY-DAY IN THE TIME OF ELIZABETH.

[J. & G. F. Nichol del.

scrap of paper, mixed with anger and vexation, was the very acme of excellence and truth; and equally admirable was the expression of the poor confused and perplexed grisette, as, with cheeks reddened with blushes, she untwists her hair out of the precious MSS. The sacred subject clearly manifested that the genius of the artist does not lie in this direction; the "Mother and Child" is a simple bit of nature, pleasing and graceful.

It was, we believe, in the autumn of this year that Mr. Leslie embarked for America, to fill the post of Professor of Drawing, at the Military Academy at West Point, to which he had been appointed by the government of the United States, as we have already intimated. The occupation, however, was not congenial with his tastes, and after a residence there of about five months, he returned to London, which he has ever since made his abode. His absence from England prevented the appearance in the following year of anything from his pencil; but it probably suggested the idea of one of his pictures, "Columbus time," "Gulliver's introduction to the Queen of Brobdingnag," is in the collection of General Wyndham, who inherited the Petworth property on the demise of the Earl of Egremont. These two pictures added little to

the reputation of the artist, though they detracted nothing from it. The subjects are devoid of much interest. "Autolycus," from the "Winter's Tale," the only work he contributed to the Academy in 1836, is a small picture, rather slight in treatment; it is the property of Mr. Sheepshanks, as is also "Florizel and Perdita," from the same play, exhibited the following year with a scene from "Old Mortality,"—"Charles II. and the Lady Bellenden breakfasting in the Tower of Tillietudlem;" in the latter work the artist once more shines in his purest light; the portrait of the proud and formal old royalist dame being represented to the life. In 1838 appeared the "Principal characters in the 'Merry Wives of Windsor' assembled at the house of Mr. Page;" we must confess our recollection does not enable us to speak with any certainty of this picture; whether or no it is a repetition of that painted in 1831, and of which we have already spoken as belonging to Mr. Sheepshanks, or whether this is actually the work which that liberal patron of British Art possesses; we believe, however, our former statement is the correct one. "Who can this be?" and "Who can this be from?" exhibited in 1839, are the titles of a pair of pictures either painted for Mr. Sheepshanks or purchased by that gentleman from the walls of the Academy: both are love scenes, happy in conception, but rather low in colour. "Sancho

Panza," another picture of this year is "the embodied idea of the Prince of Barataria, when cheated of his meals by order of the physician." His fourth work of the same period, "Dulcinea del Toboso," a pendant to the former, scarcely realises the character of Don Quixote's *inamorata*, the artist has represented her as a stout rosy country-girl. Mr. Leslie's only work of 1840 was a portrait of the late Lord Chancellor Cottenham, an admirable likeness vigorously painted: in 1841 he exhibited three pictures, "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," the scene where M. Jourdain, fencing with the maid, receives a thrust of the foil from her: it is a fine example of character, full of point and humour, but not agreeable in colour: we remarked of this picture at the time,—"Mr. Leslie's views of life are so shrewd, and his perception and portraying of character so strong, that he is borne safely through peculiarities of colour that would seriously injure a lesser man:" these observations would occasionally not be considered out of place even in the present day. "Fairlop Fair," the next on the catalogue of this year showed much that is excellent, but as a whole is not so satisfactory as many other works from the same hand. "The Library at Holland House," is a skilfully arranged and elaborately finished picture, into which are introduced portraits of the late noble owners of this fine baronial mansion. In a "Scene from Twelfth Night," exhibited in 1842, Sir Andrew, Sir Toby, and his niece's chambermaid are introduced with that fine perception of individual character which the works of this painter pre-eminently manifest: in colour also this

work is unexceptionable. Mr. Sheepshanks possesses the other picture of this year, the "Scene from Henry VIII.," in which Queen Katherine entreats her attendants to divert her troubled thoughts with music; it is a beautiful and touching composition, or, as Dr. Waagen says of it, "the expression of sorrow in the queen is very good, and the gloomy keeping of the whole is congenial."

The contributions of Mr. Leslie to the exhibition of 1843 were more numerous and varied than at any preceding period: the first in the list was a "Portrait of Mr. B. Travers," the late eminent surgeon; the next one of those difficult subjects that test the skill of the greatest artists, "The Queen receiving the Sacrament at her Coronation:" it is too well known to the public by the engraving of Mr. S. Cousins, R.A., to require any comment or description; suffice it to remark that the picture was a triumph. The third was a subject from the "Vicar of Wakefield,—'Virtue, my dear Lady Blarney, virtue is worth any price, but where is it to be found!'" it is a genuine illustration of the characters Goldsmith has drawn with so much truth and power; the fourth was a portrait of Mr. H. Angelo; and the last a "Scene from Molière's 'Le Malade Imaginaire,'" "admirably represented," writes Dr. Waagen; the picture is one entirely of character, and in the spirit in which it is painted has been very rarely equalled and never surpassed: it belongs to Mr. Sheepshanks, who, as our readers will have perceived, is especially "rich in Leslies." A "Scene from 'Comus,'"—"Hence with thy brew'd enchant-



Engraved by]

SIR ROGER DE COUVERLEY GOING TO CHURCH.

[Mason Jackson.

ments, foul deceiver," a composition for one of the frescoes executed in Buckingham Palace, was one of Mr. Leslie's exhibition pictures in 1844, but it was evidently a subject whose style is not in harmony with the painter's mind; not so, however, with his other contribution of this year, his old and favourite subject "Sancho Panza in the Apartment of the Duchess," in which appeared several striking improvements upon his former pictures: we presume this is the repetition we have spoken of as the property of Miss Rogers. In 1845, he sent the "Heiress," a composition of three female figures in a richly-furnished apartment, but they scarcely afford a solution of the title; and a "Scene from Molière's 'Les Femmes Savantes,'"—Trissotin reading his sonnet to the ladies; the picture, in the collection of Mr. Sheepshanks, is far more sketchy than is usual with Mr. Leslie, but the characters are successfully maintained.

The most important picture exhibited in 1848 was the "Reading the Will Scene, from 'Roderick Random,'" it is a large work, and treated with great originality, but has a heavy appearance in colour, arising from the predominance of black; this, however, is almost unavoidable, from the subject: the work belongs, we believe, to Mrs. Gibbons, of Hyde Park. His other productions of this year were "Mother and Child," a charming little picture, very similar to one we have already referred to under the same title; and the "Portrait of Mr. C. Dickens, in the character of Captain Bobadil." In 1847 appeared "Martha and Mary,"

—a replica of his picture of 1833—in which the figures are substantially and beautifully painted, yet without reaching the dignity of Sacred Art; the "Pharisee and the Publican," equally successful with the former in execution, and treated altogether in a more congenial spirit; and "Children at Play," a sweet little composition of "genteel comedy" by small folk. "Lady Jane Grey," exhibited in 1849, is a graceful personification of her,

"who in her chamber sat,
Musing with Plato:—"

she is thus represented in the picture; and the "Shell," exhibited at the same time, is also remarkable for the refined feeling that pervades the subject—a child, on the knee of its mother, listening to the "echoes of the deep" as they murmur through a shell held to the child's ear by a beautiful girl. "The Masque-scene in 'Henry VIII.," was one of two works exhibited in 1849; the picture throughout displays much valuable artistic performance: the other, a "Scene from 'Don Quixote,' where the Duke's chaplain, after attacking Don Quixote for his devotion to knight-errantry, and Sancho for his belief in his master, reprimands the Duke for encouraging their fancies, and leaves the room in a passion;" this is unquestionably one of the best works Mr. Leslie has created out of the history of the Knight of La Mancha.*

* To be continued.

THE POEMS OF GEORGE HERBERT.*

THE courtesy of Messrs. Nisbet, in lending us some of the blocks engraved to illustrate the very beautiful edition of the poems of George Herbert, recently published by them, enables us to fulfil the expectations held



out to our readers when reviewing the volume in our January part. The poetry of this original thinker and quaint writer requires not the aid of the artist by way of recommendation, but it becomes especially attractive when his thoughts and picturesque descriptions pass before



the eye as we see them here. Herbert's principal poem, entitled "The Temple," includes reflections upon everything associated with the Church

* THE POETICAL WORKS OF GEORGE HERBERT. Illustrated. Published by JAMES NISBET & Co., London.

as an earthly or a spiritual edifice; the artists have therefore selected from the various subjects contained in the poem such as seem best fitted for illustration: thus the verses entitled "The Church Porch" is adorned with two exquisite designs by Mr. Foster of a small venerable English church and parsonage-house, and a distant view of a similar building, with rustic "tribes going up to worship." To "The Sacrifice," Mr. Clayton contributes "The Betrayal by Judas," and "Christ crowned



with Thorns," both subjects treated with nice feeling and considerable power. The poem entitled "The Agonie," is illustrated in a truly devotional spirit by a representation of "Christ praying in the Garden of Gethsemane," also by Mr. Clayton. The two lower engravings on this page, by the same hand, are respectively prefixed



to the poems "Vanitie" and "Faith": the two upper, by Mr. Foster, to those entitled "Employment" and "Grace": these will afford sufficient evidence of the character of the illustrations, which are lavishly scattered over the pages of this charming book. We regret that the form of Mr. Noel Humphreys's graceful floral "headings" and "side ornaments," prevents our introducing examples of them also.

FRENCH CRITICISM ON
BRITISH ART.

M. MAXIME DU CAMP.

DURING the successive months of the late Universal Exhibition, we took especial care to present to our readers in general, and to our artistic friends, more particularly, copious selections from the ephemeral criticisms of the French daily press upon our works of Art. They were of interest from their freshness—curious from the surprise of which they were the vehicles; but, for the most part, distasteful from an ungenerous levity, by which they were characterised. By the latter, what might have been a useful lesson, was marred: for it must be admitted in the abstract, that it should have been a wholesome occurrence for our painters and sculptors, to have had their works passed through the process of a Continental criticism. Even in literature, such strictness might be of importance in reference to general structure and the general purport of our productions, although valueless in appreciating delicacies of verbal expression: but in Art, where the language is cosmopolitan, where all aim at the same end through precisely the same means, the utility of such foreign review, if fairly carried out, cannot be a subject of doubt. However distinct may be the varieties of style between the artists of the same country, yet, if they are habitually recluded from foreign competition and its comparisons, habitually mingled together in schools and exhibitions, pervading peculiarities will insensibly creep in amongst them, and gradually establish national mannerisms. It behoves the British artist, in his island seclusion, to accept and welcome with as dispassionate feelings as he may, the notes and comments with which the foreign observer makes up an estimate of his merits. Actuated by this conviction, we present our readers with a chapter on the English portion of the Beaux Arts Exhibition, from the general criticism of Mons. Maxime Du Camp, which was not written with precipitancy, or the flippancy of the newspaper press, but deliberately digested, as deliberately published, and to which, in the Parisian circles, has been given the authoritative position amongst the various brochures on the Exhibition which have appeared. Mons. Du Camp holds an honourable place amongst the literary men of the day in France—in both prose and verse—but more particularly as an Oriental traveller. His present work indicates how deeply and devotedly he has interested himself in Art. It will, moreover, afford cogent evidence that he has no vain predilection for the schools of France. For them, in fact, he has reserved his severest and most searching strictures; so that to the British artist, who would know precisely wherein they sin, we can safely commend the perusal of this large octavo. After having given nine out of fifteen chapters to his own countrymen, Mons. Du Camp thus, in his tenth, deals out his impressions of our oil painters in the Exhibition.

"We will not," he says, "reproach English painting, as we have the various schools of France, with the charge of imitation. In truth, our neighbours across the Channel have carried into Art the essential originality which segregates them, and enables one to recognize them at a glance, amongst all other people. There is in their painting, as in themselves, a something original, especial, eccentric, which attracts attention. It has the flavour of their soil. It is neither Flemish, nor Spanish, nor Italian. It is English, Protestant, methodical, and, up to a certain point, is adapted for them alone. If Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Lawrence have held by a tradition of Vandyke portraiture, it must be admitted, on the other hand, that in *genre*, Britain has spurned all foreign influence. Here and there may be felt in that class, reminiscences of Hogarth; but these are national, and owe no debt to the celebrated masters of Rome, Florence, Antwerp, or the Hague.

"So habituated are we in France to see in the works of our best artists, but copies more or less faithful of by-gone masters, that our first

feeling in proceeding down the long gallery containing the English portion of the Exhibition, was that of surprise. It presented to us an originality thoroughly made out, and in effect, subject-matter for prolonged astonishment. This originality has, however, its vice, which we must at once notify. In their excess of Anglicism, they frequently have no outward human sympathy. Accustomed alone to paint the strongly marked features of their peasantry, the visages of their frigid aristocratic men with two formal lines of whisker, and the rose-blossom carnations of their young countrywomen, they see in all mankind but the British type; they stumble into a predicament similar to that of the laureates of the Villa Medici, who in all their productions, gave but an imperturbable repetition of the types they had studied at Rome, and inflict upon all parties in all their works, visages wholly and entirely English. This emphatic defect, which might be easily avoided by a generalisation of study, is especially noticeable in the 'Sancho Panzo,' and 'The Duchess' of Mr. Leslie. 'Esther's Emotion' of Mr. O'Neil, and in the 'Vintage in Medoc,' of Mr. Uwins. In these three scenes, in one of which the dramatic personae are Spanish; in the other, Jewish; and in the third, French, the actors bear, one and all, the type of the English race. This is an overstrong disguise of truth, and mars the interest of each subject.

"Notwithstanding its first-class distinctive qualities, its sincerity and lofty disdain for the old continental schools, British painting has something in it diminutive, which recalls the minute but effeminate elegance of the Keppake engravings. It is almost always deficient in imagination—we feel that it wants a *libretto* to inspire it—that it is less an original text than a commentary; in a word, that it but too willingly levels itself to the function of illustration. To display itself, it opens Sterne or Goldsmith; it is literary to excess; but, while being so, it lingers ever within the precincts of fact, nor ever dares to risk itself in those of philosophy. So it only presents us with works of *genre*, and with little of historic reference. In this respect, it corresponds well with the wants of its epoch: morally, it moves in harmony with the stories of Dickens; and materially, it has the adroitness to adapt itself to the narrow exigencies of the dwellings it is intended to decorate. It excels in depicting interior scenes, appropriate to a country replete with families, where they have evening prayers in common: it seems made to adorn walls lit up by glowing coal-fires: it is essentially adapted to be a portion of comfortable chamber furniture, and not to shed honour upon extensive galleries. In the matter-of-fact manner in which it is elaborated, there is a something of richness and glitter; a furbishing up, which is, as it were, its national stamp. It is of the earth, earthy; always exact; often amusing; never elevated. It makes one smile and talk; but never promotes deep thought, much less imaginative reverie. In a word, it is positive, or precise, like the people amongst whom it has had its being. It comes within the grasp of artists who have talent,—much talent, but nothing of genius. Their literary equivalent may be found in Sheridan, in Dickens, in Fielding, in Walter Scott; but not one amongst them can enter into comparison with Shakespeare or Milton, or even Lord Byron.

"Cold and calm by acclimatised temperament, English artists never allow themselves to be borne along by those excitements of imagination, which frequently but terminate in some violent miscarriage—but which also sometimes attain the sublime—and which, at least, intimate the pursuit of an ideal. They appear only to labour in virtue of certain premonitory rules, the observance of which is sure to lead them to their desired result. With them all is regular, foreseen, directed, and detailed. It is obvious that they paint with colours of incomparable quality—ground between slabs of porphyry, hard and fine-grained as the diamond—with marvellous vehicles, with exquisite varnish, and with pencils plucked from the rarest martins' tails. They should, like Gerard Dow, after having withdrawn the veil which covered their pictures, stand motionless and long, to avoid agitating the dust.

"But devotedness to minute precision of finish frequently narrows the import of their works, for on their canvas each part has for them an equal importance—a shoe and a face are equivalent. This over-wrought minuteness of detail which degenerates into foible, fatigues the scrutiny and dissipates the interest of the spectator. I shall cite as an example of what I assert, Mr. Millais's 'Return of the Dove to the Ark.' I care but little for the picture, overlaid as it is with ill-harmonised rainbow and blue tints, and I should not have at all noticed it had it not presented, in the mode in which the litter, which covers the floor of the ark, an extreme example of the abuse of detail. This is in truth an absolute illusion: it is not art, but coloured photography. Every sprig of hay and stalk of straw, each hair from the hide of ruminant, or feather from wing of bird, is drawn and painted up to reality. Neither is there a particle of exactitude omitted in the erect figures of the two girls, who almost press in their hands the messenger dove. The almost imperceptible reticulated lines which mark their hands, the lashes of their eyes, each individual hair of their heads, are given with astounding precision. But this is all frigid and shallow. The obvious effort which, after all, is in default of its model, is only painful. The same opinion holds good respecting the 'Ophelia,'—a strange, almost ridiculous, and assuredly puerile production, representing a young female gradually sinking in water, which seems wholly undisturbed by the proceeding. All the slender grasses, all the small flowers, all the delicate plants, that grow on the banks of streamlets, are, as it were, gaily accumulated round this wax doll, that drowns itself, as unlike as possible to the Ophelia of the poet. This picture may be compared to an enamelled toy. To the two, I strongly prefer 'The Order of Release,' which, notwithstanding the undue interest given to some of its accessories, such as the falling primroses, the coat of the prisoner, and the dog's tail, represents, nevertheless, a scene vivid, impassioned, and true. If we have spoken at length of Mr. Millais, it is not because we accord him an estimate of great importance, but because he sums up pleanly an error common to the majority of his brother artists, the immoderate and irrational abuse, which leads quickly to puerility, and consequently to ennui.

"All, however, are not of this class, and some have had the genius to unite a high measure of precision in execution with breadth of sentiment. We will cite, as an example, Mr. Danby and 'The Evening Gun.' In a solitary roadstead, near the mouth of a river, where the sombre shadowy forms of some lofty constructions are visible, a ship rides at anchor. The sea is calm, no breeze perceptible, the tide scarce ripples by the buoy, the ocean breathes tranquilly like the breast of a living sleeper. A flight of those indefatigable birds, whom sailors call 'souls in pain,' skim along brushing the water's surface with their light, silent wings. At the horizon, where the long clouds lie like immense alligators, the sun sinks to his couch, crimsoning the sky with his strong colours. Against this light gradually fading away into a pale green hue, the ship shoots up its black masts, its yards with sails clewed up, its hallions and ropes all motionless. From its sides a gun-shot has issued, rolling forth thick and heavy volumes of smoke, which the wind carries not away, and which seem as though they should lie heavy on the peaceful waters. This is the signal that day has closed, and the night commenced. They are about to set the watches; they, who will, at regular intervals, hail with an 'All's well, starboard,' 'All's well, larboard,' and the sentinel at the mainmast will reply, 'Be awake at the cat-head.' There is, in this composition a true poetry, which gratifies the more, inasmuch as it is rare amongst English works of Art.

"The man who with greatest strength signalises the British Exhibition, who towers with unequivocal endowment above his brother artists is, in our opinion, Mr. Mulready, who in England enjoys an established popularity, and here, on this occasion, has in some of his works left far behind him the majority of French painters in the class *genre*. His *dramatis personae*,

well and vividly before us, are all in appropriate action; they are not posed but in life-like freedom; they are engaged in the unaffected movement of a scene, having as little resemblance as possible to those of Meissonier, who always have the air of having put on new suits of clothes, and place themselves in special attitudes to catch the eye of the amateur. The canvases of Mulready have nothing whatever in common with this *Sundayside* style. It is full of life, sincere and serious, arriving ever at the realisation of truth—truth, it must be admitted, in action of narrow interest, without greatness of thought, without elevated aim, but from its simple manifestation affording proof of a remarkable faculty. Of the nine pictures which he has sent to France, we do not hesitate to give the preference to the 'Whistonian Controversy,' a subject taken from the Vicar of Wakefield, and which we have already seen with admiration in the remarkable gallery of Mr. Baring, M.P., in London.

After having vividly described the action of the picture, falling, however, into the singular mistake of making the Vicar young—"Le jeune Vicaire Primrose," the critic proceeds.

"The truthful combination of parts in this very simple scene is given with extraordinary freshness; its accessories, such as the rich fabric of the table-cover and the books, are introduced with perfect skill, and, without intruding, increase the general interest of the composition. The colouring of this picture, although inclining perhaps overmuch to a yellow tint is very harmonious, and combines with the other qualities of the diminutive canvases, in rendering it highly valuable.

"We are much less gratified with 'The Bathers,' a picture painted after the manner of a miniature, and to which the crude contiguity of pink, blue, red, green, and white tints, gives a twinkling effect. Moreover, the anatomic treatment of its chief figure is dry, a little angular and in parts more meagre than agreeable. But let us add that, perhaps no artist has ever attempted so successfully—gone so far—in imitating the human flesh, in giving those fresh and pearly, those tender and fascinating tints, which invest youth with its most dangerous attractions."

We must confess that a note upon this comment of Mons. Maxime would be extremely welcome if it could only reconcile the opinions contained in these two last sentences. They assuredly jostle in utter antagonism.

"In landscape—strictly so called, Mr. Mulready is not fortunate. His 'Blackheath Park' all dry and crude, reminds one of a large agate stone, on which a mockery of vegetable life is traced. There is neither greatness nor reality in it; it is cold, poor, and without scope."

The critic has here unhappily overlooked what seems to have been the aim of the master who, it is pretty obvious was, in this instance, making a bold and difficult experiment, wholly apart from the picturesque, viz., to represent a homely landscape under the full effect of a meridian sun. He neither brought to his aid the striking aspect of form in natural objects, nor the equally effective impressions of light and shade. A much more difficult, although ungrateful task, could not have been essayed, and Mr. Mulready has, we should venture to affirm, succeeded in it with a true "*curiosa felicitas*." "I admire much more," continues M. Maxime du Camp, "the pretty scene inspired by the precept, 'Train up a child in the way he should go.' There, at all events, the landscape is enlivened by a group, which makes one overlook its shortcomings. A handsome child ('un beau bébé') ruddy and blond, with neck uncovered, after the manner of English juvenility, is taking his walk, accompanied by his governess and followed by his dog, &c." Having described the action of the illustration with vivid piquancy, he concludes with the remark, "This is a charming little picture, less delicate in its execution than the 'Whistonian Controversy,' but equally happy in its details and general effect."

Perhaps, let us remark, the general tone of this criticism may prove to Mr. Mulready that, if he is wounded by the fastidiousness of the late Fine Arts Jury, there is yet something of a balm in Gilead.

"After Mr. Mulready we shall place Mr. Webster, who has a leaning towards subjects of a delicate comic vein, and who, from the humour in which he takes them, is obviously of the school of Hogarth. He has none of the dry extravagance, none of the epileptic grotesqueness, which characterises the latter, but he has a finer subtlety of perception, and combines therewith a skilfulness of design and a facile lightness of execution altogether remarkable. He excels in painting children, and, notwithstanding a certain weakness, a sickly paleness of tint, he brings them out happily upon his canvases. 'Contrary Winds,' and 'The Cherry Seller,' are pretty examples of *genre*, although inferior in power to the 'Wolf and Lamb' of Mr. Mulready. 'Foot Ball' is his best picture. The crowd of boys who vigorously cuff and jostle each other in pursuit of the ball; the animation of the game, the rough and rapid evolutions of the players, has been studied and rendered with commendable care.

"In the 'Village Choir,' which presents a quiet, almost serious aspect of caricature, we find a variety of physiognomies finely discriminated, skilfully grouped, and painted with a life-like reality, leaving little to be desired. Two heads (portraits) are a miniature *chef-d'œuvre*. The aspect, in which the artist presents his subject involved a serious difficulty in regard to tints, with which he well knew how to cope. An old man and his wife, seen only from the bust, are placed in profile beside each other. The latter is pale, with the heavy, dull, pallidness which belongs to certain unhealthy organisations. She wears an ample white cap, with large plaits of tulle, and is wrapped in a tippet of swansdown, which frames her face in a wreath of spotless, snowy foam. The painter has vigorously worked his way through this accumulation of whites, so difficult to be brought into juxtaposition. The physiognomy is kindly, smiling, and full of life. These portraits are good—very good—but they are far from being equal to those of Mr. Grant."

Never was there a liberal eulogium more gratuitously marred than what has here been set forth, by its conclusion. The common apothegm, "comparisons are odious," was never more completely illustrated. Mr. Webster is not an ambitious portrait-painter, and the minute and very beautiful work which, under some special inspiration, he thus brought into existence, to be universally admired, in no manner provoked this ungenial piece of disparagement.

"Mr. Grant, carrying out the traditional elements of the styles of Gainsborough and Lawrence, has more of breadth and boldness than the majority of British painters. He unhesitatingly sacrifices a detail, coarsely rubs in an accessory—gives a dash of inexplicable red to a sky, for the purpose of securing a more striking importance to his heads. This mode of proceeding is obvious in the portrait of Madame Beaulieu, and in that of Lady Rodney, but his *chef-d'œuvre* and such it is throughout, is 'The Ascott Meet.' Here, on an extensive plain, bordered in the distance with some leafless beech trees, a réunion is presented of huntsmen in their chace costume, red coats, cravats black or blue, buckskins, and top-boots. They are mounted and grouped as accidental impulse prompts. Each individual—each horse, is a portrait. It would be difficult to exemplify more variously attitude, action, and physiognomy. I know of no production from our French painters of the chace and horses equal to this inestimable canvass, to which its firmly handled colour, although a trifle too grey, gives an indescribable charm."

It must be suspected that the diminutive "*quoique un peu grisâtre*" is forced in here at the end of an even strain of eulogium to save the critic's credit from a charge of being in an over-melting mood. If there be a prevalent tone in the picture we should rather have named it *brun* than *grisâtre*. However, the mote is detected, and criticism vindicated.

"Amongst the British artists who fain would eschew an English pencil and endeavour to attain something of the present overwrought French style, we must name Mr. Knight. His 'Wreckers,'

have great but unsustained pretension to vigour. Exaggerated sky tints, physiognomical distortion, and violent contrast of contiguous light and shade, are not always power, and sometimes feebleness. Artists, who have an ambition for these spurious extravagancies, may be compared to children, who, concealed behind a curtain, speak in rough tones, to make believe they are men. They wholly fail to deceive. Mr. Knight's catastrophous subject, in its triple division of action, would have been better if treated with tact, without doing violence to dramatic fitness, and without its ineffective strainings.

"We must prefer, as a specimen of enlarged treatment, the 'Morra' of Mr. Hurlstone. This is rather a study of Italian boys than a picture. It seems washed in, as it were, after the manner of a water-colour drawing. Whatever may have been the defects of the model, we have here, at all events, physiognomical expression of a good stamp, and a judicious general effect of colour. But are these Italians? I have my doubts—he that as it may, they have been thoroughly Anglicised by the artist. Mr. Hurlstone would seem to have much studied the works of Reynolds, and to have retained some of their impressions."

More serious misconceptions will be found and thickly scattered throughout French criticism on English works; but probably one more obvious and amusing than that respecting the identity of Mr. Hurlstone's Italian boys could scarcely be culled from the collection. Familiar as we are in London, and far more than they are in Paris, with the pleasant-faced little rambling organ-grinder, or, white-mouse exhibitors, with their waxy-brown complexions, tinged with an occasional rusty ruddiness, and their mouthful of snowy teeth, we could not for an instant question their reflections on Mr. Hurlstone's canvas, or rather his canvasses, for he has made them long since his special property. Moreover, the type is wholly and totally distinct from that of the English. But it would be too much, as in the preceding case, to let the artist off with nothing but commendation, and so pop goes a blank cartridge.

"To return," continues Mons. Decamps, "to the unequivocal English *genre*, a word on 'The Widow's Benefit Ball,' by Mr. Goodall. Notwithstanding the watery complexion of colour of this picture, which, after all, is nearly the universal peculiarity of English painting, it is an agreeable work, and composed with a degree of care which at times becomes too scrupulously minute. In truth, there is no part of the canvass unstudied—a parallelism between the groups is too obviously wrought out, and is even established between the heads of the two old men, one of whom performs the part of fiddler, at the end of the hall, and the other helps himself to potations near the door. There is also an abuse in the introduction of children; they are forced in on all sides to fill up intervals; in other words, they are made to *play up holes*. Nevertheless, there is an animation, an earnestness, an unsophisticated healthy vivid gaiety realised throughout the whole scene, most agreeable to contemplate. The young man with the naked feet, who accompanies his capers with the snapping of his fingers, is a most successful figure, affording proof of a conscientious study of nature."

"The Novice' of Mr. Elmore is very pleasing. Instead of confining himself, like his brother artists, within the bounds of the narrow romance of familiar facts, he has sought to illustrate a philosophical reflection, and he has succeeded. A young girl, lovely, sad, and pensive, a prey to the struggles of her inner self, is seated, in the garb of a nun, on the little bed in her cell. The neighbouring window is half open, and with the full flow of sunshine, admits the sound of song—of life and youth; for on the other side of the street, it would seem that they dance and are mirthful. She seems to hear with anxiety this joyous excitement, and notices not that in the corridor, to which her open door gives access, an old mother of the convent moves wearisomely along, leaning on her staff, and supported by a sister. In a distant cloister, some stone crosses are perceptible. All the regrets, all the sadnesses—let us add all the remorse

of cloistral life, have been well combined and depicted on this small canvass. Between these nuptial rejoicings which might have been here, and the future, which is indicated in the exhausted old woman, the novice, silent, and melancholy, seems to question on which side lies the truth. Oh, young maiden, the Great Master has said, 'Love one another'; he has not ordained, 'Crystallise yourselves in egotism and in fear.'

"Mr. Lance has a great reputation at the other side of the channel, and we are surprised at it, when we see by what pictures it has been attained. We have already noted the tendency of English painters to an abuse of detail. Mr. Lance pushes this infatuation to its utmost bounds, and thus voluntarily dissipates the charm which his pictures might otherwise inspire. The 'Village Coquette' is a case in point. A young, pleasant-faced girl is engaged in an apartment of a farmhouse—a simple scene that should have been simply treated. Far from that, the artist, by accumulating round his sole personage, accessories upon accessories, diminishes the interest naturally attaching to her. He has brought into play all the resources of his talent—a talent unquestionable—to paint a petticoat of satin cross-stitched, a flower-pranked gown, high-heeled shoes, and the silken kerchief of his coquette. Let that pass; but why give so much importance to the structure of a sweeping broom, of which each particular hair is presented distinct—to a book, which lies forgotten on a stool, to the milk-bowl, to the image pasted against the wall, to the tureen full of water, to the horn suspended by the key, to the stairs which conduct to another chamber, of which all the furniture is perceptible? The eye passing from one detail to another, overlooks the principal object of interest, and ultimately preserves but the reminiscences of inconceivable dexterity of handling, infelicitously misapplied. And then, when I scan this picture with care, I perceive that the face of the Coquette is the part of it comparatively the most carelessly treated. These eye-deceiving efforts are not made to gratify; they want simplicity, and impart and produce no other impression than the spectacle of a *tour de force* painfully elaborated. Much the same comment I must make on Mr. Lance's 'Red Cap,' where I see a cabbage, of which all the fibres are painted minutely, although with over-much of glisten; and a dead drake is made out feather for feather. The title is elucidated by a little monkey bearing a red cap, which is engaged in scrutinising a large vase full of onions and tomatoes."

This cannot be considered a candid rebuke, omitting as it does the extenuating fact, that Mr. Lance has but sinned in common with many of the first masters of the Flemish school. In mere minuteness of finish, which allows no object in a domestic scene, however small, to escape an elaboration *ad unguem*, he neither has nor could exceed their microscopic handling. The class of Art, it need not be said, ranks comparatively low, and lower still where it fails to combine artistic general effect with scrupulousness of execution.

"Amongst the English *romance-painters* we must further range Messrs. Frith, Egg, Horsley, Philp, and Solomons, and having done so, we come at length to the favourite artist of the United Kingdom—Sir E. Landseer. His pictures, rendered familiar to the public by engravings, have acquired for him general renown; but, in justice, we should affirm that a considerable portion of his fame should revert to Messrs. Lewis and Thomas Landseer, his accustomed engravers. In a word, the engravings and aquatints copied from his pictures gratify us more than the pictures themselves. These engravings have in them a something of illumined softness and delicacy which is not to be found on the canvasses. Whence this incident? It is owing doubtless to the dry, hard, and over-brilliant palette of the painter. An easy opportunity for comparison has been offered by the Universal Exposition. We can at once see the picture and engraving of 'The Sanctuary,' which every one has remarked in the print-shop windows of the Boulevards. The engraving, which is from the burin of Lewis, is very striking, and executed

with great truth and depth of feeling. The time is evening—that doubtful interval of twilight when nature seems to yield to general repose. A stag comes forth from a lake, where he has been bathing, and utters a gentle sound as he frightens into flight a train of wild ducks, which had sought a resting-place amongst the adjacent rushes. The drops of water fall slowly from his skin. In this solitude—in this sanctuary—all is calm, sad, and as though Nature were moved to pity. Now, if we look at the picture, this impression will be effaced on finding a sky too clearly bright, against which the form of the silhouette of the stag is over-darkly massed—the foreground merged in blue and questionable shadows—the waters motionless, hard and like crystal, the drops falling from the animal seeming like icy stalactites. I do not find in it the life-like expression—the subdued sentiment, which I have admired so much in the engraving."

A critic figures assuredly in a very false position, who, while dispensing a specially severe sentence, falls into an obvious and gross error, in respect to the subject-matter of his comments. He turns the tables on himself with a vengeance. Hence, for instance, can anything be more pitiable than Mons. Du Camp's perfect innocence of the true meaning of "The Sanctuary?" All that he has made of one of the most charmingly poetic and touching compositions that ever came from the hand of artist, is simply a stag taking a bath, and on his exit from the water (though why not on his entry, it would be difficult to suggest) startling a family of wild ducks. It quite escapes his critical eye, that the noble animal, like his fellow in the forest with the melancholy Jaques, has just won his life from the remorseless hound and huntsman; that, from the far-off shore, whose hills loom in the middle distance, he has made his way through the calm lake—leaving his trail upon the face of the waters—to this island Sanctuary, whither he cannot be pursued. A more effective transformation of poetry into prose—of gold into lead—could scarcely be conceived.

The critic proceeds. "So also, of all the E. Landseer works, which this exhibition presents, we prefer the 'Night,' and its pendant 'Morning,' as engraved by Mr. T. Landseer."

Having described the action of these compositions, he thus trenchantly proceeds:—"No picture painted by Sir E. Landseer produces an equally powerful effect with that of these engravings—more particularly that which is entitled 'Night.' From these remarks, it must not, however, be concluded that we wholly condemn the painting of Sir E. Landseer—that would be a wrongful interpretation of our opinion; but we do hold it to be especially successful in ministering to engraving. It proves that the burin can sometimes be superior to the pencil. In a word, Sir E. Landseer seems to us to be a gentleman—highly accomplished as an amateur, rather than an artist, in the serious acceptance of that title. At times he imparts a genuine expression to his animals—as, for example, in the picture of 'The Brazilian Monkeys.' On a small canvass, these are represented mounted on a pine-apple, and watching with uneasiness a wasp humming near them. At times, too, he attains to a striking correctness, both of contour and colours, as in 'The Tethered Ram,' which would be perhaps faultless but for the cold and inanimate landscape by which it is surrounded. But at times, too, he is perfectly unceremonious with truth of nature, when it is his object to make, at any cost, his animals give expression to variety of feeling. Then, indeed, he recognises no bounds of possibility. We take, as an instance, 'Jack in Office.' All the dogs, which yearn to move upon that attractive table, of which the terrible and faithful 'Jack' is guardian, have aspects of timidity, gluttony, and mendicancy, perfectly studied; but, nevertheless, in most of them the eye, from an overwrought effort at expression, is no longer that of the animal—it is human. This defect is especially remarkable in the dun spaniel leaning against the wall. This is not vanquishing the difficulty in the subject, but avoiding it: it is a sleight of hand, and in Art these juggleries should

be severely proscribed. In one word, Sir E. Landseer was a greater, a more important person, in our eyes, before than since the Universal Exposition. To attain his full value, he has need to be translated: his pictures are themes, to which engraving alone gives their complete development."

But that the book of Mons. Maxime Du Camp made its appearance before the awards of the Beaux Arts Jury had transpired, it might have been suspected that this piece of criticism had been put forth merely in contradiction of their implied opinion, and in the indulgences of a self-sufficient opposition. It stands, however, in unimpeachable priority.

The remark respecting the physiognomical expression of the dogs we take to be wholly incorrect and unfounded. Sir Edwin Landseer has well illustrated what all close observers of the dog must have noticed—viz., the extraordinary variety and subtlety of feeling which is indicated by its eye.

If Mons. Du Camp would see a human eye figuring in the head of a noble brute, we commend his attention to the horses of the "divine Raphael," or Da Vinci.

The critic proceeds, and falls into the thoroughly ludicrous error disclosed in the following paragraph:—"Sir Edwin Landseer has some imitators, who, as happens ever in such cases, copy by an exaggeration of his defects. Mr. Hunt in his 'Strayed Sheep' has tried to be more subtle, more minutely particular than his master, and he succeeds, through the power of false and fantastic tints, in completing a picture, which seems as if beheld through a solar spectrum, and is curious from the singularity of its discordant tones of colour."

Sir Edwin Landseer will probably be not a little surprised to find that, after all, he is the parent of the school of Hunt and Millais, and that Perugino and Van Eyck, to whom the honour has been freely assigned, must vanish back, poor slighted shades, to the shores of the Styx. This will surely console him for the foregone severities of his French critic.

"Exclusively imaginative painters are rare in England, and in truth I see but Mr. Paton who merits this little-to-be-envied denomination. 'The Quarrel of Oberon and Titania' is a canvas whereon the artist has brought together all the reveries which Shakspeare has crowded into 'The Midsummer Night's Dream'—Puck, Robin-goodfellow, Butterfly, Spider's-web, Mustard-seed—the whole tribe of genii and fairies flit forth from the calices of flowers—glide through the grass and swing themselves on the flexible branches of the trees. It is a wide composition, abounding with various little episodes—well painted generally, well designed, and well grouped in detail, notwithstanding the obvious difficulties of the subject—and would have been extremely attractive had not its three chief entities, Titania, Oberon, and Puck, been but indifferent conceptions, over-substantial and disproportionate. A thousand charming minutiae, let us hasten to add, make amends for this defect. We dimly discover marvellous reunions in the corolla of the convolvulus—sweet salutes are interchanged under the petals of the rose; all is harmony and fragrance—all lightsome joyousness, notwithstanding the terrible drama which is being enacted in a corner, between an overgrown spider and a gnome pale and distorted by fear. The general tone of colour in the picture is sufficiently agreeable, although here and there it has some sharp notes not quite in harmony."

"These are the English pictures by which we have been most struck. It would be superfluous to speak of others, all of which follow with inferior merit those we have named. If truth in Art is not to be found in the coarse manner—loose beyond bounds, and even incomplete, behind which the French School, under the pretext of breadth of style, hides its feeble decay—neither is it to be met with in the petty precision, cold, detailed to puerility and even to Chinese in finish, of English painting. Where then does it reside? Where is the material—the executive truth of Art? Patience! We shall, perhaps, find it in the Belgian pictures of Leys; and at Dusseldorf, in those of Knauss."

THE WOODMAN.

ENGRAVED BY E. ROFFE, FROM THE GROUP BY
SCHWANTHALER, IN THE COLLECTION OF
THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

It is not a little remarkable that the talents of three of the greatest modern artists of Germany were in their youth held in so little estimation by one who was, or ought to have been, a judge of such matters, that they were recommended to seek some other profession than that they desired to follow. Peter V. Langer, when director of the Academy at Dusseldorf, dismissed Cornelius from the schools of that Institute as a young man without ability; and when Langer became subsequently director of the Munich Academy, he discharged Heinrich Hess for the same reason, and advised the mother of Schwanthaler to take her son from the Academy because he possessed no genius for sculpture. Schwanthaler's appeal from the dictum of the director was to the king, Maximilian of Bavaria: not directly, but it so happened that one of the royal equerries, having observed the young artist modelling the forms and attitudes of horses, recommended him to his majesty, who engaged him to model designs for a dinner-service to be executed in silver, which service was to be ornamented with *bassi-relievi*, taken from Greek mythology. In this way originated the first work of Schwanthaler, the "Entrance of the younger Deities to Olympus."

By this time Cornelius, another of the rejected by the director, had arrived in Munich to undertake the decorations of the Glyptotheca, and no sooner had he seen these works of Schwanthaler, than he engaged him to execute several *bassi-relievi* for the same edifice. The young sculptor immediately set out for Rome, that he might, we presume, the better perform the task assigned to him, for sculptors very frequently seem to possess the notion that the atmosphere of the "seven-hilled city" is more favourable to the satisfactory execution of their works than the air of any other place: at all events Rome affords facilities for study which are nowhere else to be found. In a year or so Schwanthaler returned with two graceful *bassi-relievi*, the "Birth of Venus," and "Cupid and Psyche," which are now in the Glyptotheca, as well as several others of a later date.

It is unnecessary, even had we space here for such a purpose, to refer to the multitudinous works of this sculptor: the pages of the *Art-Journal* have at various times recorded much that he did, and we shall, doubtless, hereafter find occasion to refer to them. We therefore pass on to notice the work engraved here under the title of the "Woodman," a name which, in the absence of any other, we have given to it. On applying to the Duke of Devonshire, the owner of the group, for its proper title, his Grace favoured us with the following remarks;—"Schwanthaler never would give a name to the group which I consider his *chef-d'œuvre*; when he planned it with me he was contented with calling it 'A Nymph caressed by a Huntsman.' When on his deathbed he gave directions that he might be carried to look at his work, which was undergoing the completion of some minor details by his workmen, he made his brother write to me to express his complete satisfaction; adding, with a kind of pun upon his name, that I should be in possession of Schwanthaler's *Schwanen-gejang* (dying strains)."

The group indicates a mere fancy of the sculptor rather than any mythological subject: the axe in the hand of the male figure is an attribute of the woodman's occupation—not of the huntsman's: the female figure, with a kind of lozenge-shaped graving-tool in her hand, and the lute at her side, may possibly symbolise the Arts; but it seems impossible to give a correct definition of the work. The composition is fine and shows genius of a high order: we must admit, however, that it loses much of its beauty and gracefulness in the engraving, the peculiar construction of the group, from whatever point of sight it is viewed, presenting some obstacle in the way of efficient translation.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

EXHIBITION—1856.

THIS exhibition was opened to private view on Saturday, the 9th of February, with a catalogue of 559 works of Art, of which sixteen are sculptural. The strength of the collection lies, as usual, in its landscape and genre productions, of which many of the examples are of a very high degree of excellence. To this institution must be given the credit of having introduced to the public some of the most eminent painters of our time; and now we continually find on its walls early works which promise in their maturity golden fruit. There are, indeed, of these earlier pictures many, infinitely preferable to others of a subsequent period, painted in a mannered and vitiated taste. An essay in Historical Art by Sir George Hayter is, perhaps, the only production of its class in the present collection; the subject is "The Martyrdom of Ridley and Cranmer." A very remarkable production is an oil picture by Haghe, the first, we believe, he has ever painted in oil; it is "The Choir of the Church of Santa Maria Novella, at Florence," which we shall notice according to its merits in its proper place. Inapproachable as this painter is in his own department of Art, we cannot help rejoicing to find him exhibiting in oil. We have often regretted that there was not more cabinet sculpture executed by the artists of our school; such works might be seen to the utmost advantage here, without being overpowered by sculptures of magnitude. In works of this class, and cabinet bronzes, we are very far behind our continental neighbours. We know that many pictures are annually rejected from this institution, from want of room; perhaps not more than one-third of those that are offered for exhibition are hung; it cannot, therefore, be well understood wherefore the exhibiting space is not increased, especially as it is known that the funds of the institution are ample. Among the smaller pictures are some gems, such works as are worthy of being painted on a large scale; while, on the contrary, several of those which are large should have been put upon small canvasses; a few of these we shall instance in the course of our notice.

Of the value of this institution there is no doubt; but it is quite as certain that it is not made as serviceable to Art and artists as it might be. Of late years, however, it has undergone some important improvements; not the least of which is the reduced cost of the Catalogue, and the marking on it the prices of the pictures that are there offered for sale.

The institution, indeed, cannot fail to be regarded as a valuable auxiliary to the societies that are more exclusive in character: it is "open to all;" and has been undoubtedly of much value to "the profession" generally; the more especially as it takes place before the commencement of the ordinary Art-season.

No. 1. 'A la Ducasse, Pas de Calais,' F. STONE, A.R.A. A study of two French peasant girls—*très coquettes*—and very ready at repartee with the spectator. Twenty painters might have studied the same figures without being able to make so much of them; the body attire is common to the whole of France, but the head-dress is striking and admirably managed. We observe more of texture in the flesh than this painter has usually shown. Wherefore, by the way, a French title? is there nothing in the vernacular good enough for the nonce?

And surely these "peasant girls" are not of France, but of England, bearing evidence of the high blood of the English aristocracy.

No. 2. 'The Bay of Baie,' G. E. HERRING. The beauty of the place as it is, is very different from that of the past, when Baie was studded with the palaces of the luxurious subjects of Augustus. We see Vesuvius in the right distance, and the broken line of coast trends across the picture, closing the horizon with a variety of forms; but the sentiment of the picture resides especially in the nearest section, where is seen a boat, but without any sign of life, with the exception of some sea-birds busily fishing. Their presence is an intrusion; they disturb the intense tranquillity of the scene.

No. 4. 'On the Seine,' A. MONTAGUE. A small sparkling picture, presenting a view of the Seine a little above Rouen, of which the spires, St. Maclou, and the Cathedral, appear on the right bank.

No. 5. 'A Morning's Sport at Slapton Sea, Devonshire,' H. L. ROLFE. The result is a well-conditioned jack, some perch, and chub, all painted with the truth, which ever characterises the piscatorial essays of this painter.

No. 6. 'Luna o'er the Ocean playing,' C. ROLT. The idea is realised by a nymph-like figure, which, together with the drapery, constitutes a crescent form, but the effect is enfeebled by the necessity of communicating to the whole a luminous appearance. The title is affected, but there is much sweetness in the manner of treating the subject.

No. 8. 'Sion, Canton Valais,' G. C. STAYFIELD. Nothing can exceed the real substantiality of the foreground objects of this artist. These walls and buildings are of veritable stone, and the ground we tread on is a most satisfactory base; but to a certain degree the same solidity is carried into distance where we want atmosphere. On the right of the composition rises a hill crowned by a monastery, and beyond lies a mountainous distance. The whole is rendered with the utmost care, which is, of course, most observable in the foreground.

No. 9. 'Orchard Intruders,' F. UNDERHILL. Clearly a misnomer, if there be any difference between mere intrusion and absolute robbery. The subject is the robbery of an orchard by a triad of village truants; one of whom, on the wall of the orchard, is the actual thief, while the others receive the tempting spoil. The figures are more carefully made out than any we have hitherto seen in the works of the painter, but the effect is injured by the breadth of chalky wall against which they are relieved.

No. 16. 'Severe Weather,' R. ANDRELL. This is a large work—the subject, we think, is better suited for a small picture. The incident represented is a Highland shepherd rescuing some sheep that are, we presume, almost frozen to death; this, at least, must be the conclusion, because the drift is not sufficiently deep to suppose that they have been overwhelmed by snow. The shepherd's companion is a very handsome black collie, regarding with earnestness and intelligence every movement of her master. Each item of the composition is distinguished by the most scrupulous truth—the man, the dog, the sheep, and the features of the scenery; but the subject, as we have suggested, is not sufficiently important for a large picture.

No. 17. 'A Cool Day in Venice,' painted on the spot, E. W. COOKE, A.R.A. There is for the painter an endless festival in Venice, but it should be remembered that spectators do get tired of the everlasting Ducal Palace, the columns, the Campanile, the library, the Dogana, and the church of

San Giorgio; we have not, like the Doge, married Venice and her sea for ever; *sempre Venezia* is as bad as *toujours perdrix*. It is true we know of nothing characterised by the venerable majesty of the City of the Sea, but nevertheless its luxuries pall upon the appetite. To say that the buildings are the same as we have seen them a little short of a thousand times, is true; but it is not true to say that they are always painted thus; we have here an extraordinary finish worked out in part "on the spot," everything being sharp and palpable, because the atmosphere here is like a lens. Farewell ye storied palaces, till we meet again—on the side wall here, and in the next ensuing ten exhibitions of the season, under many a various aspect. This is a cool impression. "Marry! we shall have hot days enow!"

No. 21. 'A Tale of the Crimea,' J. E. HODGSON. A small picture containing many figures, principally an audience listening to the narrative of a wounded soldier; the subject is well sustained.

No. 22. 'Azaleas,' Miss MUTRIE. These flowers are charmingly described; the manner in which they are worked out is as new as it is effective and truthful.

No. 23. 'Sunset in the Meadows,' T. S. COOPER, A.R.A. Every blade of grass on this familiar hummock, every dock, and every sprouting weed, we recognise. As for the cows, they are infinitely long-lived: it is twenty years since those animals were in their calfhood, and they will yet live as long as the artist aspires to shine in the milky way.

No. 24. 'Scene from the Gentle Shepherd,' W. UNDERHILL. The well-known subject—Peggy and Jenny listening to the shepherd's flute. The group is seated under a tree, and the expression of each accords with the sentiments expressed in the bleaching scene. These argumentative rustics may profess to love sweet sounds, but the collie is the best listener; he is the real philharmonic philosopher. Ramsay makes these maidens too well read in the ways of a heartless world, though otherwise genuine enough in pastoral simplicity—here the sentiment is a little too scenic.

No. 31. 'A Study,' J. LUCAS. A very modest title to a work far more worthy of an ambitious name than hundreds for which distinction is sought in by lofty association. It is a life-sized head and bust of the Magdalen class, very successful in depth of expression.

No. 35. 'On the River Mole, Surrey,' G. SANT. We have not before observed any production by this painter, who has attained to a certain amount of experience without being publicly known. The subject is a good example of the character of the "reluctant Mole"—a deep pool shut in by a screen of park-like timber. The artist seems to have endeavoured with great earnestness to define the botany of his subject, the leafage and colour of each tree is described, and much of the work seems to have been carefully studied on the spot.

No. 36. 'A Natural Reflection,' J. D. WINGFIELD. The scene is an artist's studio, which we recognise at once as the coffee-room of the old Clipston Street school. There are two figures—a young lady seated and inspecting photographs, which are held before her by an artist—personally more like Charles the Fifth than Francis the First. The plaster properties of the place are classic, dusty, and little used; the mediæval "fixings" are precisely of that kind which tell well in pictures.

No. 37. 'An old Sloop on the Sands of the Dee,' W. LISTON. A large picture painted in the feeling of the gone-by school

of English Art. The disposition of material presents on the left the old wrecked and decaying craft, with an accompaniment of a stern-boat equally ragged. On the right the view opens over the sands, the ridges of which rise to the horizon. We recognise in the work a principle founded upon very honest convictions. In these days of colour and *ad captandum* effect it is refreshing to encounter anything like simplicity. The composition may be resolved into few parts, in conformity with a very limited range of colour; and from what we see of the determination of the painter, he does not care to enlarge it.

No. 42. 'Fruit,' G. LANCE. This is the dessert of a Sybarite, not so much in the rarity of the fruits as in their exquisite arrangement—so chastely assisted by the disposition of these variously-coloured leaves. Beautiful as may be a well-painted heap of fresh fruit, that beauty and freshness derive an additional charm from elegant composition.

No. 43. 'A River Bit, North Wales,' J. DEARLE. A small and simple production, painted, it would seem, in a great measure, on the spot. There is much more of natural colour in this work than in other preceding productions of the artist, although it appears to us that his foliage is more woolly than it used to be. The freshness and telling effect of the picture will sustain it under any comparison.

No. 48. 'A part of the Lake of the Four Cantons, Switzerland,' T. DANBY. The peculiar charm and sweetness of this picture are not the distinctive qualities of Swiss scenery. The filmy atmosphere which partially veils the distance here, is one of the peculiarities of the landscape scenery of our own islands. It is easy to understand that in Art, under one absorbing impression of the beautiful, which is truth, it is difficult to avoid attributing the same charming truism in other instances which affect us agreeably; what is true of Scotland is not also true of Switzerland. Much of the picture seems to have been treated ideally. We have said the worst of it; in some of the main essentials of painting it is beyond all praise.

No. 55. 'Frances Jennings,' J. INSKIP. May we call this a historical subject—it is selected from the second volume of Macaulay! Frances Jennings, the sister of the celebrated royal favourite Sarah Jennings, on one occasion dressed herself as a fruit-girl and sold oranges in the streets. The picture presents therefore an orange-girl, whom we at once recognise as only masquerading by the delicacy of the hands and features. The paleness of the face is intended to signify a dissipated course of life, but the artist has left the complexion crude and unfinished. Many a time and oft have we admired the *leger-de-main*—the flowing facility of this artist's brush; but this example is in a style which may be described by one vulgar term of the vulgar tongue—it is so "fast" in execution that much has been forgotten, and the varnish (if it has been varnished) has chilled upon it. A very slight glaze would have subdued the rawness without affecting the paleness.

No. 60. 'The Martyrdom of Ridley and Latimer,' SIR G. HAYTER, M.A.S.L. This

* There are several pictures by this artist in the collection, but none of them have any prices: in other words, they were all sold before they were sent in. It is said that they are all the property of one collector, at Birmingham; and rumour prophesies that at no very distant period they will all make their appearance "in the market," preceded by one or two sales, at which one or two of these pictures will be made to sell for very large sums, which very large sums will become "precedents," and hence buyers will be tempted to "speculate."

subject is one involving the greatest difficulties of historical Art, and demanding for a successful issue the highest qualifications in an artist. The composition is made out according to a passage in 'Fox's Book of Martyrs.' "The scene took place on the 16th of October, 1555, close to the city ditch, outside the north gate and Bocardo in front of Balliol College, Oxford * * * Lord Williams of Tame arrived from London with the commission for the execution; he was accompanied by the mayor and sheriffs of Oxford * * * The sister of Bishop Ridley, and his brother-in-law, the humane keeper of his prison, and his wife with Sir Henry Lea, Sir George Barnes, Sir — Dobs, knight and alderman of London, the officers of the guard, and many friends followed them." The picture is small in comparison with the size of those usually called historical, but had it been of such dimensions, the number of figures must have been curtailed. The form of the arrangement is circular as to the agroupment: an entire enclosure being effected by the city wall and Balliol College. The particular moment represented is that of the meeting of the martyrs at the stake, which is being surrounded by faggots. On the right are seen the authorities reading the commission for the execution, and supported by all the officials whose presence was necessary in discharge of their duties. We cannot help feeling that the principal figures are small and wanting in importance in comparison with those of a group nearer the eye and in the shade; but a close examination of the work shows that it has throughout been very conscientiously painted, the object of the artist having been rather historical accuracy than pictorial effect.

No. 66. 'The Soldier's Return,' G. CRUIKSHANK. The story is that of a soldier who in returning to his village home, is recognised at a distance by his wife and children. Surely no artist was ever less ambitious than the author of this picture. The tale is pointedly told, and the work is admirable from its entire absence of an affectation of drawing, colour, and execution.

No. 67. 'An Italian girl at her devotions,' H. PICKERSGILL, JUN. The head is an agreeable passage of the study, but the hands are out of all proportion in their exaggerated size.

No. 68. 'An Old Bridge near Pella in Piedmont,' G. E. HERING. The subject has been selected with a taste for a happy disposition of form; the old bridge, especially, in the foreground is a most picturesque object, and the scenery constituting the middle and remote distances is grand. The right is closed by lofty cliffs and rocks crowned by a monastery, the left opens on a lake shut in by lofty mountains, which close the distance. The retiring masses are graduated with the nicest art, until the most remote tell faintly against the horizon.

No. 73. 'Le Vendemmie,' R. BUCKNER. A group of Italian children, supposed to be engaged in the vintage. The head of the principal figure is too pretty for that of a boy; the others are rather national and characteristic; the hands, especially those of the female figures, are too large.

No. 74. 'The Cradle,' D. W. DEANE. The scene is a cottage interior, the window of which occurs in the centre of the picture,—and opposed to the light of this, is the mother who looks down on the cradle. The opposition of the figure to the light of the window produces a powerful effect, that is well supported by the reflections.

No. 78. 'L'Allegro,' ALEX. JOHNSTON.

"Come, thou goddess, fair and free,
In heaven ye've d' Euphrosyne."

A single figure, three-quarter length, in the attitude of dancing. A most charming study, light and transparent in colour, and beyond measure hilarious in expression. Nothing can exceed the grace and sweetness of the head, it is a most brilliant conception; the features, perhaps, are rather pastoral than classic—a more elevated character had been more appropriate to the subject—but nevertheless as it is, it is one of the most exquisite figures we have of late seen.

No. 83. 'Guy's Cliff, Warwick,' E. J. NIEMANN. The subject is constituted of a portion of the castle, and a dense screen of trees extending on the right along the bank of the river; the time is evening, and the whole of the lower part of the scene lies in shaded opposition to the clear evening sky. The sentiment of the treatment is characterised by much refinement and elegance.

No. 91. 'Magnolia,' Miss MURIE. A small but brilliant picture of a very inconsiderable subject, to which importance is given by very skilful painting.

No. 93. 'A Moorland Farm, Devon,' J. H. DELL. The drawing and painting of these farm buildings, the edges and surfaces of these bricks and slates, are described in a manner painfully minute; nothing but a photograph could have suggested this scrupulous manipulation, which in many parts is so hard and sharp.

No. 94. 'Passing the Lock—Winter Evening,' G. A. WILLIAMS. A very agreeable version of a simple subject.

No. 97. 'Calf and Sheep,' G. HORLOR. These animals are successfully painted, but the calf is especially so.

No. 99. 'From our Own Correspondent,' W. HEMSLEY. There are two figures in this picture, one a boy reading the *Times* aloud, and an old Greenwich pensioner listening. It is a small work remarkable for finish and expression: and fully sustains the very high reputation of the excellent painter.

No. 100. 'The Sketch Book,' G. WELLS. This is a life-size study—the head and bust of a girl intent upon "the Sketch Book." The drawing is accurate, and the subject is judiciously painted, but it is felt that the head is deficient in importance.

No. 107. 'Tithe Farm,' J. STARR. From the title we might expect here an agricultural theme, or at least an essay more or less pastoral; but like the best works of the painter, it is a study of a passage of sylvan nature, rendered with infinite simplicity, freshness, and vigour; and remarkable for a feature extremely difficult in tree painting, the definition of the groups and individual trees respectively.

No. 109. 'The Brother's Lesson,' G. SMITH. A music lesson—the instrument being a very primitive pipe, and the master and pupil two youthful rustic figures, with much refinement and execution. The musicians are unexceptionable, but the background does not look natural.

No. 110. 'Portal of the Cathedral at Chartres,' L. J. WOOD. We do not frequently find these subjects interesting in oil painting, but in the small pictures of this artist they are brought forward with a taste and judicious execution that give them an unusual importance.

No. 122. 'Clovelly, North Devon,' J. WEBB. This is an attractive subject, but like every other similarly interesting, it is too frequently painted. We know every stone of the old tower-like jetty; we recognise in each house an ancient and familiar habitation: artists do themselves an unwarrantable injustice in compelling comparisons which perhaps spectators would

willingly avoid. The want of novelty in subject is, however, in this case perhaps compensated by the merits of the work: they are certainly of a high order: the picture challenges comparison with the best productions of its class.

No. 127. 'A Rainy Day on the Lagoon of Venice, a Sketch on the spot,' E. W. COOKE, A. R. A. Under every phase, hot and cold, wet and dry, have these buildings been served up; and there is, perhaps, nothing impresses the mind of an observer so sensibly with the bewildering variety of appearance that excellence in art may assume, as to see a hundred different versions of the same subject, all more or less distinguished by valuable quality. The aspect of the scene is according to the description of the title. We have long been weary of speaking of the weather-worn bricks of Venice; we turn therefore with some relief to the sky, of which nothing otherwise than respectful can be said.

No. 132. 'Sunset in the Highlands,' A. GILBERT. The simple and always striking effect of the opposition of breadths—here there are the sky and the shaded landscape—the latter a wild, mountainous, and rocky tract. With a sprinkling of the antlered denizens of these wildernesses, the principal parts being managed in this facile method a very agreeable picture is produced.

No. 140. 'Near Buccione, on the Lago d'Orta, looking towards Monte Rosa,' HARRY JOHNSON. The manner and feeling of this work are materially different from those of anterior productions. The picture is larger than any we remember to have seen under this name, and we are impressed with its substantive interpretation of nature rather than by flashes from an enchanted brush. We are placed opposite to a block of Italian buildings, with all the variety of parts useful only to be painted; and thence the eye is invited to ascend and scan the mountain sides and crests which sweep round the basin of the lake. The whole is most substantial and earnest, and a most successful and striking passage of the picture is the description of the rapidity of the current as it flows by us; and it is to be observed as a local truth, that the distances do not wear the atmospheric veil which envelopes remote objects in our own land.

No. 148. 'Choir of the Church of Santa Maria Novella, Florence,' LOUIS HAGHE. The subject and the painter are worthy of each other. This is a part of the famous church occupying one side of the Square of Santa Maria Novella, and which the lips of Michael Angelo were never weary of praising. Here are works of Cimabue, of Ghirlandaio, once the master of Michael Angelo, of Bronzino and Allori, Orgagna, and early productions of Giotto. But with these we have now nothing to do; turn we therefore to this famous choir as we see it before us—the centre of which is occupied by a large lectern, somewhat exaggerated here, we think, as to size. Having been for many years accustomed to see the most admirable sacred and secular interiors painted in water colour by this artist, we cannot help comparing him with himself. Haghe's most formidable competitor is Haghe. These water-colour works have every charm of light and colour, and perfect illusions of depth and transparency; but in this picture the shaded passages are opaque. If the artist understands glazing in oil colour, he does not practise it successfully. But we forgot to mention that this is his first essay in oil painting, at least that we have seen. The shades are heavy and dull, and there is a thinness and sharpness in the execution that reminds us of water-colour;

but there is, withal, a unique equality in the picture which would distinguish it amongst works of the highest pretension. The interior derives animation from groups and single figures of the Dominican brotherhood, some in movement and others at devotional exercise. In a word it is a production of considerable power.

No. 158. 'Timber clearing on the hill-side, Sussex,' H. JUTSUM. Rather a large picture, and full of the most conscientious elaboration. On the left rises a screen of noble trees, with an accompaniment of the graceful garniture of dwarf and gigantic grasses and wild flowers, which constitute the wealth of a weedy foreground. From the immediate section the eye is invited to the near and remoter gradations, and whether this work represents or not a veritable locality, we feel proud of our land in contemplating such passages of Art, because we know, to use a very common proverb, *se non e vero e ben trovato*. The sky teeming with clouds, and the hazy atmosphere are our own. The description of distance and expanse is most successful, and this is much assisted by the sunlight, here and there escaping the envious clouds, and dropping on the summer foliage of the magnificent trees, which extend even to the mysterious veil that hides the horizon from the eye.

No. 161. 'An English Landscape,' J. DEARLE. A subject as simple as could well be selected; but an eloquent evidence, if any further were wanted, that the greatest charm in Art is fidelity to Nature. The subject is composed of a corn-field recently reaped, all the sheaves being stacked—on the right a road, a few straggling trees, and a distance. We like this picture better than any of the river-side subjects we have seen by the same hand, as the colour which should be natural, is so, and not chalky.

No. 162. '***' H. W. PICKERSGILL, R.A.
"The young village maid, when with flowers she dresses
Her dark flowing hair for some festal day,
Will think of thy fate till, neglecting her tresses,
She mournfully turns from the mirror away."

These lines from Moore's "Fire Worshipers" stand in the place of a title to one of those life-sized studies illustrative of Oriental female character, of which this artist has painted so many, and many of much excellence. There are beautiful parts in the work; and if not so agreeable as a whole as others he has even recently exhibited, the work sustains the high reputation of the accomplished painter.

No. 169. 'Stray Sheep,' R. ANSDALL. It is difficult in this composition to say whether the animals before us have strayed from another flock, or are errant members of the flock confided to the herd who is approaching. This may be immaterial, as to the general merits of the picture; but if any narrative be intended in the spirit of the title, the description appears imperfect; but we cannot help admiring the character of the animals, which it appears are taken in a rocky nook. They are alarmed, and, although they are standing still, it is sufficiently clear that they are rapid in movement and even headlong in flight, almost as wild as *fera natura*.

No. 172. 'View near Rothsay on the Clyde, Scotland,' J. DANBY. According to the principle of this artist, the parts of this picture are few—water and mountains. His composition is frequently identical—water shut in by mountains; and his effect is generally the same, that derived from the evening sun. The effect is warm and glowing; but the water is deficient of the same breadth which prevails in the upper parts of the picture.

No. 176. 'Sunset,' W. A. KNELL. This is evidently the work of one who has looked very closely at Nature—we know this to be true;—but were it not so, the work would strike the spectator in the same way. The colour of the sea tells us we are in some large estuary. The sunset is pointedly described; there is wind in the sky, and movement in the water; but we feel the latter to be spotted with lights which, although they in some degree support the proposition of the title, yet destroy the breadth of the lower part of the picture.

No. 177. 'Roman Piper,' R. BUCKNER. A life-sized study of a rustic of the Campagna. The head is looking up with an expression full of thought and intelligence. It is one of the best of this painter's works; and may rank among the best in the collection.

MIDDLE ROOM.

No. 184. 'A Scene suggested by the Death of Pompey,' T. DANBY. Here, then, we are on the shore of the Bay of Alexandria, unseen witnesses of the absorbing grief of the freed-man Philip as he laments the fate of Pompey, near whose body he sits. We see very distinctly the weeping Philip, but his dead master is very indistinctly shown, and this is more judicious than to show a revolting object. The effect of the picture is somewhat like that of moonlight, and the whole has a very misty appearance, which is not generally true with respect to Egypt, for there the atmosphere is so clear that even distant objects come forward with much decision and sharpness. But whatever objections may be made to the work, it is one of the best of the landscape (!) quasi historical pictures we have of late seen: the drawing is good and firm, and the proposed effect successfully worked out. A heron is flying away across the sea, and a lizard has just come forth from its hiding-place; the presence of the one indicates tranquillity, but the departure of the other betokens disturbance; but we submit that neither should appear in such a picture. The heron is not a sea-fowl, and although the lizard may be found near the sea, it is no amateur of salt water. The body by the way should be headless; it is not so.

No. 204. 'Winter, Evening—a Black Frost,' C. BRANWHITE. It may be very cold within the freezing region of this canvass, but the spectator is not so rapidly iced as in contemplating one of the combined frost and snow pieces of this painter. The effective point of the picture is the sky, which is intensely red, broken by dark streaky clouds, which are too material and opaque. The composition is successful, as are all those of the painter, though looking as if gathered piecemeal from Nature and skilfully fitted together. The principal object is on the left, an old lime-kiln, or what you will, by a river's side, and moored near this is a barge being loaded. The river with rows of trees on its banks runs into the composition, an arrangement which is managed with a result perfectly successful.

No. 205. 'The Egyptian Ivory Merchants,' FRANK DILLON. This is, in all respects, a remarkable work, novel and interesting in subject, and, though elaborately wrought, exhibiting much freedom of touch and masterly skill in treatment. It is, perhaps, too abundant of materials, yet all the accessories are evidently painted from nature, and some of them are so highly finished as to vie with the best examples of still life. The artist has obviously travelled for study; his knowledge is not derived from books, but from personal acquaintance with the

character and objects he depicts. Hence the true value of this painting, which combines ability with observation, and thought with industry.

No. 206. 'A Water Nymph,' J. COLBY. A small, all but nude figure, relieved by a white drapery thrown behind. A well-drawn and graceful study.

No. 210. 'Minding the Cradle,' G. SMITH. This is altogether the most perfectly finished little work that the artist has yet exhibited. The subject is of the simplest kind, but in drawing, colour, and transparent depth it is a charming production.

No. 212. 'Cupid teasing a Butterfly, Emblem of the Soul,' J. G. NAISH. A conception worthy of the best of the Greek poets. Cupid is flying, and threatening a butterfly with his arrow. The dark colour of the butterfly is a spot in the picture, the insect had been better white for more reasons than one; besides it is that member of our common entomology called "the devil's butterfly." The little figure is charming in colour.

No. 218. 'Northland, Sussex,' J. STARK. A section of wooded scenery, with a road passing through it. Each tree is so well painted as to be individually defined without in any wise destroying the breadth of the whole. These latter works are infinitely better than all that have for years past gone before them.

No. 219. 'The Warrener's Boy,' W. HEMSLEY. A single figure carrying a rabbit—a miniature brought forward with the most scrupulous care.

No. 222. 'Fishing Craft, &c. in a Calm,' W. A. KNELL. As to finish, colour, the character of his craft, and other qualities, this artist desires to break a lance with some of the best of the Dutch painters; but his water is not liquid, and his surface generally harsh.

No. 225. 'Cut Melon and other Fruits,' W. DUFFIELD. The fruits individually are well painted, but the arrangement is deficient of grace.

No. 230. 'The Monte Rosa, Early Morning,' G. E. HERING. The time is sunrise, but nothing is yet lighted save the snowy peaks of the distant mountain—all else is in the gloom and the grey of the morning. A market-boat is on the lake near us; we hear the splash of the oars, but all beyond are silence and tranquillity, presided over by the young crescent of the moon, and one solitary and forsaken star. The sweetness of this poetic effusion is far before everything which the artist has hitherto achieved in pictorial verse.

No. 231. 'Nymph and Cupid,' W. E. FROST, A. R. A. One of those miniatures which this artist endows with such classic feeling. The Nymph may have been wounded by one of those envenomed arrows; she has therefore seized the bow, and refuses, with bitter reproaches, to return it. The incident is common, but it has seldom been more beautifully rendered than we see it here.

No. 245. 'Danish Fishing Craft on the Elbe at Blankenese,' E. W. COOKE, A. R. A. The boats, as usual, are very conscientiously made out, but every thing about them is as hard as Pharaoh's heart, and nothing is natural in colour—hence the commendable qualities are obtained at a great sacrifice.

No. 246. 'Little Gretchen,' H. LE JEUNE. A study of the head of a little girl sitting with a book on her knee. The face is Dutch, and the feeling of the picture is entirely Rembrandtesque. There is no straining after poetic beauty, it is a purely natural essay; the flesh is soft, warm, and yielding, and the expression life-like and intelligent. It is such a study as Rembrandt might have

made in his youth, for he did work then very minutely, as instance that marvellous example in the second or third room of the Pitti Palace.

No. 250. 'Cruising amongst the Water Lilies,' a Sketch, F. M. MILLER. A Cupid in a shell skiff, sailing in a flowery pool. A pretty conception, agreeably realised; we remember some sculptural productions of this artist of much classic chastity of feeling.

No. 252. 'Rabbit Ferreting,' HARRY HALL. The figures in this work have been very earnestly studied, but it is a mistake to relieve them by a pale background, leaving them as it were cut out of the composition.

No. 260. 'The Raft,' T. M. JOY and J. WEBB.

"O source of life, our refuge and our stay,
Whose voice the warring elements obey,
On thy supreme assistance we rely,
Thy mercy supplicate if doomed to die.
Perhaps this storm is sent with healing breath,
From neighbouring shores to scourge disease and death," &c.

The subject is from Falconer's Shipwreck, but from the time of the first exhibition of the dying survivors of the Medusa, every marine painter has produced at least one "raft." The scene is always distressing—the circumstances, with little variation, are identical—but certainly this is one of the best versions we have seen of the subject. It is sunset, and if we read the story aright there is hope, the distant ship bears up. For Mr. Joy this is an entirely new department of Art; the work is perfectly successful in exciting the emotions which it is intended to reach: is painted with much care: and is indeed a production which closely approximates to, if it does not absolutely reach, the higher qualities of genius.

No. 261. 'The Eagle's Craig,' J. DEARLE. In all the works of this artist we feel first the positive opposition of the sky and the lower section of the composition. The "Eagle's Craig" is a cliff on the other side of a stream which bisects the scene horizontally. The base of the cliff is lost amid the trees which grow on the hill side; the trunks of the trees are definite and sharp, but the masses of foliage are woolly and confused, conditions which cannot coincide in Nature; if the trunks are truly represented, the masses of foliage are wrong; if these are right, the representation of the boles of the trees is false.

No. 262. 'Il Penseroso,' ALEX. JOHNSTON. What Milton could mean by re-baptising, by these sidelong masculine Italian epithets, his nymphs Joy and Melancholy, does not very clearly appear. The marriage of masculine and feminine is natural enough in every way, save in outrage of the second grammatical concord. The position in which Milton has left these ladies before the world is at least equivocal. The figure so entitled is a worthy pendant to "L'Allegro," already noticed.

No. 266. 'Beauvais,' A. MONTAGUE. These dear, dirty, picturesque old houses of Normandy and Brittany help a picture so much! But we think the wooden-framed palaces of Beauvais are scarcely so ragged as we see them here.

No. 273. 'The Morning Lesson,' W. H. KNIGHT. Consisting of two figures—the grandmother mending stockings while the grandchild stands by occupied with the "lesson"—a small picture leaving nothing to be desired.

No. 274. 'A Shepherd Boy,' J. INSKIPP. In our experience of the last fifty years we have never known an artist so ambitiously true to himself as this painter. Whether he recruit himself from Aristides or the

Vicar of Bray matters little. We have for the last twenty years had a nodding acquaintance with the young gentleman in the smock-frock. We wish he were a little more carefully adjusted. We should be sorry to leave him worse than we found him.

No. 275. 'Glanmorfa, Carnarvonshire,' J. W. OAKES. A landscape of much merit, closely imitated from nature.

No. 276. 'The Hypæthral Temple, Philoe, Nubia,' FRANK DILLON. A very famous and beautiful remnant of Egyptian architecture. It is a large and earnestly wrought picture, presenting the temple in the best point of view we have ever seen it. This and the work already noticed (No. 205) will very considerably raise the reputation of the artist: there are indeed few living painters who could have treated this subject better: broad in style, yet industriously wrought as well as carefully considered, there are not many better pictures among the productions of the past year.

No. 277. 'The Emperor Charles the Fifth at the Monastery of Yuste, August 31, 1558,' W. MAW EGLEY. We have seen and written of this, or a smaller sketch for the picture, before.

No. 286. 'Maryport, Cumberland,' W. LISTON. Presenting a view of a portion of the harbour at low water. The effect introduced is that of uncompromising daylight unassisted by any accidental shades, in which proposition the artist has succeeded admirably.

No. 290. 'Jephtha's Daughter,' E. HUGHES. A charming miniature, but the title is a misnomer,—there is no attempt to idealise the character proposed.

No. 306. 'Midsummer Fairies,' J. G. NAISH. The time is midnight, and the elves are sporting among the leaves of flowers,—a geranium being their favourite resort. The flowers and minute figures admit of the closest examination.

No. 310. 'The Alhambra, Granada,' as seen from San Christoval, from a Sketch by Richard Ford, Esq., W. TELBIX. We have not seen in any work of Art so much of the magnificent scenery around Granada as is represented in this picture, all the details of which are most scrupulously rendered. The grand line of the Sierra Nevada closes the view.

No. 326. 'British Bulwarks,' H. DAWSON. A large picture, which takes us to Spithead, or the Medway it may be. The effect is that of sunset painted with all the power which this artist exercises in his morning and evening essays; the evening gun is just booming from one of the lower ports of a three-decker—the principal object in the picture—which by a little *ruse* of perspective is brought forward as of immense proportions. Turner has done this before. It is a production of distinguished merit.

No. 338. 'Dunstaffnage Castle, Loch Etive, Scotland,' J. MOGFORD. A glowing sunny version of a most interesting passage of scenery.

No. 339. 'The Ptarmigan's Haunt,' J. WOLF. A large picture of a section of wild Highland scenery. The birds are admirably drawn, but the rocks are so much like them in colour as very materially to injure the effect of the composition.

No. 340. 'Morning on the Welsh Hills,' A. W. WILLIAMS. In this work, the subject of which is a passage of wild mountain scenery, there are some cattle, apparently well drawn. It is essentially different in feeling from the usual works of this painter—broad and substantial, and yet very minutely detailed.

No. 352. 'Rosalind,' H. O'NEIL.

"From the East to Western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind."

This study, that of a single figure (perhaps too dramatic), is brought forward with all the tenacious elaboration which distinguishes the works of the artist. The lower limbs are out of drawing; the length of the thigh looks altogether disproportionate.

SOUTH ROOM.

No. 358. 'Interior, Ditton House,' C. H. STANLEY. Rather a large picture, presenting a spacious apartment, sumptuously furnished, and enriched with objects of Art. It is rich in colour and well lighted.

No. 361. 'Imogen and Iachimo,' W. GALE. The passage of "Cymbeline" supplying the subject is found in the seventh scene of the first act—

Imo. Away! I do condemn mine ears that have so long attended thee. If thou wert honourable, Then wouldst thou have told this tale for virtue, not for such an end thou seek'st, as base as strange.

The action of the two figures in this picture is unnecessarily exaggerated; there is a violence in the movement of both altogether inconsistent with dignity of expression. The work does not possess the merit of antecedent productions.

No. 386. 'The Guards relieving the Trenches before Sebastopol, from a sketch taken on the spot,' Hon. C. S. HARDINGE, M.P. We see here the long line of troops winding down into a ravine formed by lofty and towering cliffs. The city and line of attack appear in the distance. The picture presents, we presume, a faithful description of the locale, and possesses much interest, not only with reference to the subject, but as a work of Art.

No. 394. 'Enamel of the Infant Saviour,' W. ESSEX. After Murillo, we think; charmingly wrought, and undoubtedly like the picture.

Nos. 396 and 397 are two enamel groups of 'Flowers,' by Miss H. ESSEX. The bouquets are relieved by a dark background, and each flower is painted with the utmost delicacy of touch.

No. 398. 'Evening,' E. J. COBBETT. A small study of a country girl at a well, brought forward with all the best qualities of miniature Art.

No. 432. 'Dunolly Castle, near Oban, Scotland,' J. DANBY. This is a repetition of the same phase which this artist always paints: an expanse of water and mountains, presented under a sunny evening effect.

No. 433. 'Feeding-Time,' C. HANCOCK. A number of farm-yard animals are here agrouped in a stable; the principal of these is a cow, which is well painted.

No. 436. 'Cupid and Psyche,' CLEMENT BURLISON. In these two figures there is good colour, but in each the classic character is wanting. There is too much of the individuality of the model; the composition also is too much broken up into detail.

No. 445. 'Rouen,' J. HOLLAND. The view is taken from below the line of the quays, and on the opposite bank of the Seine, showing the imposing façade which has comparatively recently taken the place of the wooden-framed houses that still numerously exist in other quarters of the town. The subject is at once recognisable by the spires of St. Ouen and the Cathedral, which rise above the houses. The proposed effect is that of bright day-light, which is admirably sustained.

No. 449. 'The Guard-room,' R. CLOTHIER. A small interior, in which is a solitary cavalier of the seventeenth century, with a quantity of armour of the same period, all very accurately described.

No. 458. 'A Fairy Ring,' G. CRUIKSHANK. The subject is suggested by the popular supposition that the moonlight fairies have danced in those small circles which are common in all pasturages. But here we are amid a jovial company of midnight elves, dancing round Oberon and Titania enthroned on a toadstool. The tumultuous tread of this frantic gallop reaches our ears; and music! was there ever such a troop of earnest musicians,—at least a thousand minute spiritualities labouring on all kinds of instruments. Some of the company are late; they arrive on bats from the moon and stars. We have not really space to do justice in description to these revels; the artist must have assisted at these festivities. He may himself have been born again under Aquarius, but some of his little impalpable friends here have most shamefully broken the pledge.

No. 472. 'Amiens,' A. MONTAGUE. A very picturesque subject, at once recognisable by the striking features of the composition.

No. 488. 'A Welsh Spring,' E. J. COBBETT. Two Welsh girls gossiping at a spring, while the thin and tardy thread of water fills their cans. The heads are painted with all the artist's usual sweetness, and the rest of the picture is worked up to equal value, especially the herbage and the local portions of the composition.

No. 502. 'Fresh Breeze, Dublin Bay, from East Pier of Kingstown Harbour,' E. HAYES, A.R.H.A. The breeze is rendered with great spirit, and the whole of the points of the composition are well brought together.

No. 503. 'Noontide on the Thames, near Henley,' W. J. FERGUSON. A subject extremely difficult to paint, but treated in this picture in a manner very gratifying to the eye from the natural truth prevalent throughout the picture.

No. 520. 'Squally Weather off Dover,' J. J. WILSON. The subject of this work has often been painted. It is the view from near the entrance to the harbour, looking towards the Castle. The character and principal features of the scene are so striking, that it is at once determinable as a view of Dover.

No. 537. 'Finding the Lessons,' J. COLLINSON. We have more than once commended the extreme earnestness of this artist. This work is throughout not less conscientiously executed than those productions which have earned for him his well-merited reputation.

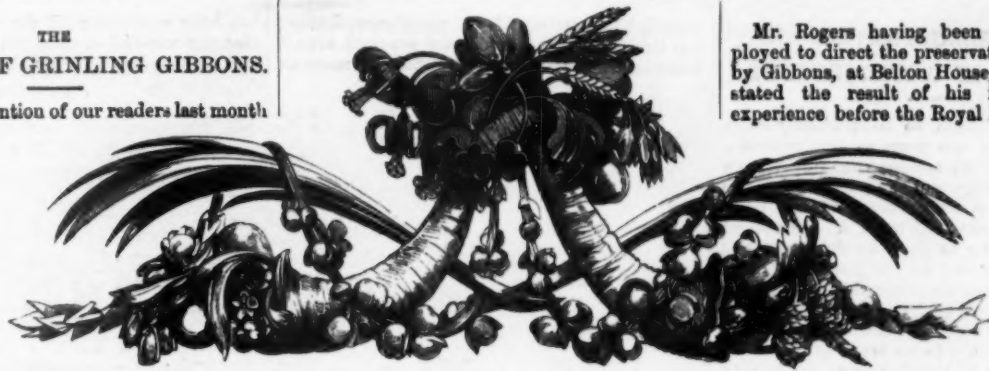
535. 'An Autumnal Day, a scene on the Bovey Heath Fields, with Dartmoor Hills in the distance,' W. WILLIAMS. We feel the foliage here rather more crisp than in nature, but other passages of the work are very creditably executed.

The sculpture of the exhibition, as we have already observed, is limited as to the number of works; of those that strike us there are, a 'Marble Statue of a Young Girl,' T. THORNTON; 'Undine,' a marble statue, ALEX. MUNRO; 'Model of a group executed in stone and now fixed upon the portico of the New School House for Female Orphans,' E. G. PHYSICK; 'Zephyr and Aurora,' T. EARLE; 'The Queen of the Waters,' J. GEEFS; 'We frolic while 'tis May,' FELIX M. MILLER; 'The Good Shepherd,' P. VANLINDEN; 'Venus and Cupid,' S. A. MALEMPRE, Sc. We have looked carefully through the collection and find every department of Art represented; but we find a lamentable deficiency of impressive subjects, a want that must rest with the artists themselves, many of whom, in the enjoyment of reputation, are by no means equal to themselves as we have known them.

THE
CARVINGS OF GRINLING GIBBONS.

In calling the attention of our readers last month

Mr. Rogers having been professionally employed to direct the preservation of the carvings by Gibbons, at Belton House, has very properly stated the result of his investigations and experience before the Royal Institute of British



to the preservation of carvings by Grinling Gibbons at Belton House, Lincolnshire, under the direction of Mr. W. G. Rogers, we mentioned that in

all cases photographic views of these high works of decorative Art were first taken to serve as a memorial of them in their original state, and as a guide to their re-position. Of these photographic representations we have selected one for engraving from the gallery of the chapel at Belton House, but which evidently was designed for the decoration of a dining-room. It is one of the perplexing disarrangements frequently to be met with in old houses, that time has produced innovations so inconsistently, that sacred subjects have been removed to private rooms, and emblems of festivity transferred to the walls of an ecclesiastical edifice. In the composition before us, the intention of the artist is carried out with the most scrupulous attention to propriety, everything being avoided which does not strictly belong to the subject. The upper part is composed of two cornucopias, the horns tied at the top with bunches of flowers crossed with palm branches, and bound together with wreaths of buttercups which unite the top to the sides.

The sides hang from ribbon ties, and consist of a profusion of finely formed fruit, corn, hops, and wild flowers; some of the most disregarded of the latter class being turned to the best account and introduced with the happiest effect. The poppies and poppy-seeds with the elegant foliage of this class of plants are sculptured with the nicest appreciation of arrangement, while flowers of lesser note are pressed into the service in a way unappreciable by those who, studying in the drawing-room, rather than in the meadows, content themselves with conventionalities instead of nature, and attach a vulgarity of their own to all except roses and lilies.

Grinling Gibbons, as a great artist studied nature deeply and unceasingly, but whenever her works claimed the labour of his chisel, they were not slavishly or unmeaningly copied irrespectively of use or position, but were employed rather as the materials for composition than as composition itself. They were introduced and grouped with the most devoted attention to the architectural effect of the buildings destined to receive at his hands their choicest embellishments, and the appropriate nature of his classifications must long furnish a theme for the admiration of students. He broke through the rules of conventionality in a manner almost unprecedented, and it is probably on these grounds that he has received the meed of so much popular, although richly deserved approbation; but we are not aware that any attempt has ever been made (only possible by the assistance of photography), to form a critical examination of the works of this great master, and to compare his rich and varied compositions with those of other schools, and especially with those represented by Giovanni da Udine and Raffaello.

It cannot be doubted that all possible opportunities should be seized upon for the preservation of the works of a man who has given to the Art of wood-carving in this country a fame more than European, and who as an artist especially appointed by the state, and working under its immediate patronage, left behind him for the admiration and guidance of succeeding generations, works in royal and palatial edifices, which are pointed out as proud specimens of British decorative Art, although they exhibit the bloom of a fallacious youth, and are positively falling into irreparable decay.

Architects, and has accompanied his remarks with a startling revelation as to the state of nearly all the carvings of the period of Charles II., James II., and Queen Anne in this country.

These magnificent remains are so rapidly perishing, that if immediate means be not taken for their preservation they must soon cease to exist. From one end of the kingdom to the other an insidious disease is preying upon the vitals of the noblest works of sculpture in wood this land ever produced. The fabled fruit of the Dead Sea was not more fragile or more filled with putrid dust than the fruit, the work of the chisel of Gibbons, which hangs on the walls of Burleigh, Petworth, Chatsworth, Wollaton, Belton, Oxford, Cambridge, Windsor Castle, Hampton Court, Gosford House, Lowther Castle, Witley Court, and other public and corporate buildings, but also on the very many choice objects of his art in private collections, such as portraits of royal and noble persons, set in pannels surrounded by a glorious profusion of emblematical decorations, thrown about them with a freedom and daring truly marvellous, and with a delicacy equalling the famous point-lace tie from Strawberry Hill, now in the possession of Miss Burdett Coutts, or the string of family portraits dispersed among the carved flowers in Lord Ilchester's borders. Mr. Rogers has, no doubt, ascertained, from his long familiarity with these works, that many historical records are preserved in them, and if they could be brought together, they would fill a gallery, and form an exhibition of great interest.

In many of our city churches there are the seeds of the same approaching decomposition. The white superficial bloom (so agreeable to the eye of the uninitiated), which appears in nearly all the specimens Mr. Rogers has seen and handled is assisting to complete the work of destruction. This mildew, covering the surface of the fruit flowers, and dead game, is a vegetable thrown off from the decaying interior, and must ultimately, if left to accumulate, destroy the skin or rind which holds together the outward form only, the interior being nothing but skeleton fibre powdered with dust and unable to resist the slightest pressure.

Specimens of carvings by Gibbons taken from various sources were recently exhibited at the Royal Institution; some presenting the deceptive bloom alluded to, some in which it had been removed by the touch, and some in which Mr. Rogers had sawn the fruit in two so as to show the interior honeycombed by worm, suggesting to the observer that the carvings have been so far neglected as to reach the extreme period at which preservation is possible.

Surely it is high time that works of Art of such national importance as those which we have named as existing in the various palaces and mansions of this country, should receive the small amount of skilful attention indispensable for keeping them from actual annihilation. To preserve is not necessarily to restore. Restoration is sometimes worse than neglect; but we maintain that wherever a festoon or frieze or drop or truss by Gibbons exists, it demands, as public heir-loom, that chemical science and practical experience should be exerted and employed upon it to arrest the progress of the animal and vegetable foes, whose devastations have been so opportunely pointed out by Mr. Rogers.

We trust the means resorted to for restoration will be employed without delay to rescue these fine works from destruction.



THE ILLUSTRATED HANDBOOK OF ARCHITECTURE.*

Few things have been so industriously cultivated among us of late years as architecture—both the study of its ancient monuments as a branch of archaeology, and the pursuit of it as a fine art: and it is well worthy of the pains which have been bestowed upon it. Its ancient monuments, bearing as they do the impress of the national traditions, and of the actual civilisation of the peoples who built them, are among the most important evidences of history; less durable only than written literature, and inferior only to it in value. As an art, architecture is the most popular of the fine arts; for its *chef-d'œuvres* are not secluded in galleries and locked up in cabinets, but are set before the eyes of all men in the streets and public places of the great centres of population. And though the popular favour for it may have been a little disproportioned to the popular cultivation of other elements of history, or other branches of art, yet this is not at all to be regretted; for the circumstances of the times made it desirable that the thoughts of all sorts of people should for a time be concentrated upon this one subject. We are in the throes of the birth of a new architecture; and we needed that antiquaries should hunt out and arrange all the old schools of the art; that practical people should consider what additional conveniences and comforts they require; engineers should tell how to apply all the contrivances of modern science; architects should take orders from the practical people, apply engineering science, with minds imbued with the principles of their art, gained by a study of its ancient monuments; and that the whole educated people should look on and criticise.

Both for the historian, the artist, and the *dilettanti* patrons and critics, it was in the first place important to have a correct general knowledge of all preceding schools of architecture. Much has been done to furnish them with the materials;—for the last twenty or thirty years a continuous series of grand architectural works have issued from the press, from elephant folio in size downwards, full of the finest illustrations which pictorial art, from line-engraving to chromo-lithography, can furnish; so that now there is hardly a school of architecture, ancient or modern, upon which we do not possess some important works. But alas! the cost of such a collection of books as this amounts to a sum such as not many artists can afford—such as few amateurs can afford to spend upon the study of only one subject. And then the careful study of all these monographs—the digesting from them of a clear comprehension of the history, and principles, and characteristics of each school of the art—and the connecting of this knowledge of all the different schools into one comprehensive view of the whole subject; this demanded an expenditure of time and labour which very few men, artists or amateurs, would or could devote to it.

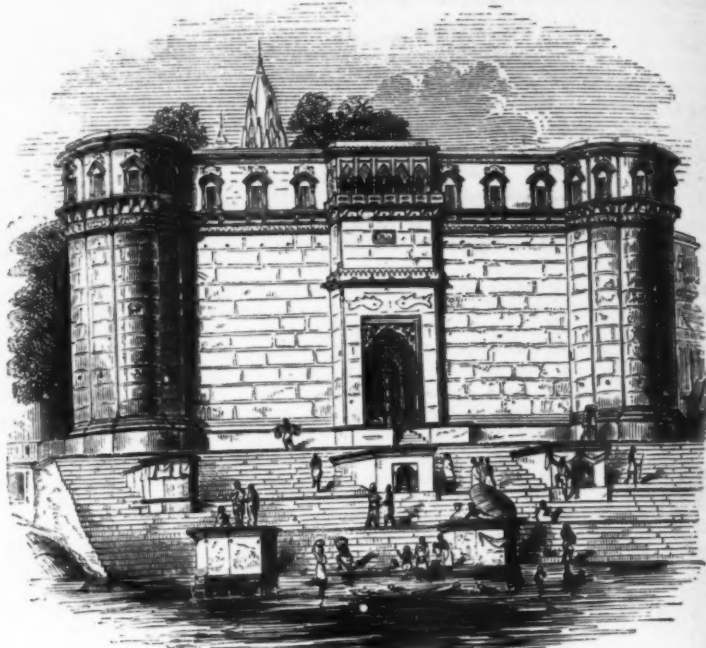
It was necessary to premise these observations in order to give a fair idea of the importance and value of such a Handbook of Architecture as this, for which we are indebted to Mr. Fergusson.

The plan of Mr. Fergusson's work embraces the great styles of architecture of the whole world;—the Buddhist and Hindoo; the Egyptian, Assyrian, Persian, Greek, and Roman; the Saracenic of Syria, Egypt, Persia, India, Spain, and Turkey; the Romanesque, and the styles which sprang from it in Lombardy, and on the banks of the Rhine, in France, Belgium, Germany, Italy, Spain, Great Britain, and Scandinavia; the Byzantine of the East and of Russia; and the styles of China and Central and South America.

One might perhaps anticipate that in so wide a range, some parts at least would be executed

superficially, or would be mere compilation; but this is not the case: every separate article bears internal evidence that extensive research

has been made into all the available data, and that the material so collected has been carefully and thoroughly studied: the author has made



GHOSLA GHAT, BENARES. (FROM PRINSEP'S VIEWS.)

himself master of each style before he has begun to write upon it. And the book is not a mere analysis of ancient buildings—it is really what

it professes to be—a History of Architecture: it gives such historical notes and sketches as enable the reader to connect the buildings



VIEW OF PORCH AT CHILLUMBRUM. (FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR.)

with the history of the people whose monuments they are; and we have throughout the book valuable comparisons and criticisms of the

various styles of the Art, and of the different great buildings which are most instructive as examples of the true principles of the Art. The

* THE ILLUSTRATED HANDBOOK OF ARCHITECTURE; BEING A CONCISE AND POPULAR ACCOUNT OF THE DIFFERENT STYLES OF ARCHITECTURE PREVAILING IN ALL AGES AND COUNTRIES. BY JAMES FERGUSSON, M.R.I.B.A., &c. Two vols. 8vo. pp. 1004. woodcuts 850. London: JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle Street.

work is illustrated with no less than 850 very excellent wood-cuts of plans, sections, elevations, and perspective views of the most important and most typical buildings of every style of architecture.

On the whole, then, this is a valuable addition to our historical and fine-art literature;—valuable to the general reader, who will find that the masterly sketch of the whole subject which is here placed in his hands, will make other architectural works unnecessary, except for the thorough prosecution of some especial branch of the subject; and no one, we feel sure, will more readily recognise its value than the professional reader; unless he have a first-rate architectural library, and have bestowed years of diligent and judicious study upon it, he will find very much in this little work which is new and important to him: every architect will find it a valuable hand-book and guide to his more extensive studies; and after all his study, will still find it a useful compendium, and index, and book of reference. In these days of superficial books, we were not prepared to find so much learning, and thought, and judicious labour, within the small compass of two octavo volumes.

We are enabled by Mr. Murray's courtesy to present our readers with several examples of the illustrations of the work, which we have selected so as to give some idea to the eye of the wide field which the work embraces. But in endeavouring to give some further notion of the value of Mr. Fergusson's history, we shall confine ourselves principally to a digest of some of his suggestions upon our own English Art.

In the first place we may notice that Mr. Fergusson finds fault with the received nomenclature of the subject, and suggests some modifications. Some of the terms which are commonly used involve the assumption of incorrect theories, and thus unnecessarily introduce error and confusion at the outset into the mind of the student and of the general reader, who naturally assume that the theories implied in the very terminology of the science are the received and correct theories of the science. It has become the fashion, for instance, to apply the term "Byzantine" to styles as unlike anything Byzantium ever saw as any style can be to another, and where it is impossible to trace any influence direct or indirect that capital ever had on the buildings in question. "Romanesque" in like manner is applied to styles as essentially barbarian as the most pointed and most florid Gothic. It has been attempted to apply the name "Lombard" to all the round-arched styles of Europe, and German and Teutonic to all the pointed styles, all involving the assumption of theories, which, so far from being granted, are generally without the least foundation in fact. The term "Gothic" which is usually applied to the pointed styles only, Mr. Fergusson proposes to extend also to the earlier styles which were engrafted on the Roman by the barbarians who overthrew the Roman Empire and founded upon its ruins the kingdoms of modern Europe. This he would subdivide into round-arched and pointed-arched Gothic. If it were desirable to introduce a new term in the place of Gothic, Mr. Fergusson would adopt that of Feudal as the most characteristic, since the style of which we are speaking arose, culminated, and fell with the Feudal system.

For the subdivisions of English Gothic he would abjure technical and descriptive terms, and use dynastic terms only, such as Saxon, Norman, Plantagenet, Edwardian, Lancastrian, Tudor, Elizabethan, Jacobean, and Stuart. From his resumé of the history of English architecture we cull the following notes.

Of the Saxon architecture hardly enough is left to teach us the characteristics of the style; it was probably a rude style of Art; but a considerable interest attaches to it, because probably it is to its influence that we must attribute some of the peculiarities which distinguish all the English styles of Gothic from the contemporary Continental styles.

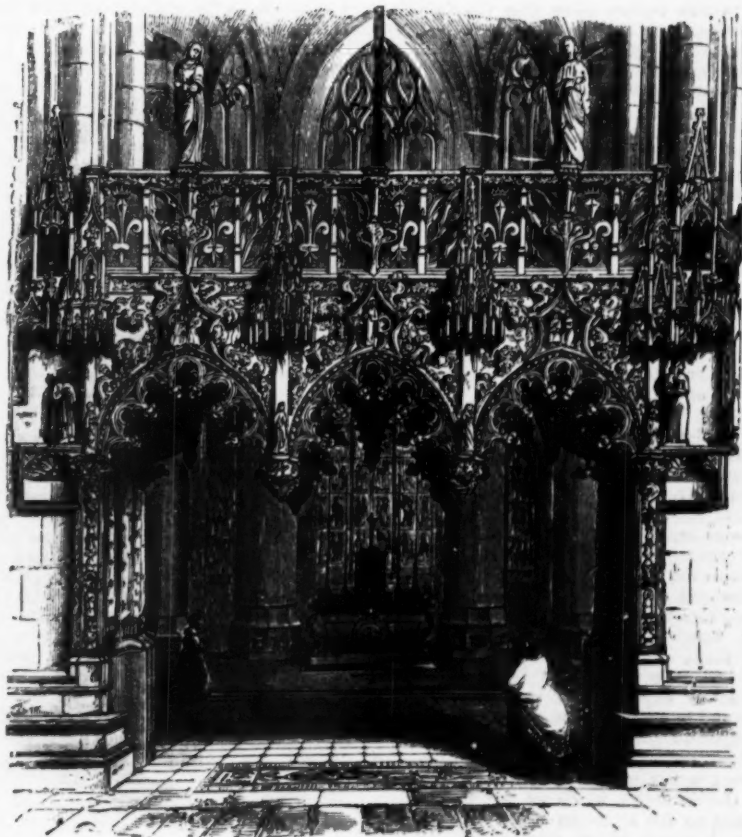
The Normans brought over their own artists and introduced their own style of building: their early buildings in England consequently exactly resemble the contemporary works of the Continent. But as the Saxon and Norman races

gradually coalesced into the English, so the Norman art was gradually influenced by the old



PORTAL OF THE DUCAL PALACE AT NANCY. (FROM DU SOMMERARD.)

Saxon; until by the beginning of the twelfth century the English style of architecture had



ROOD-SCREEN FROM THE MADELAINE AT TROYES. (FROM ARNAUD, "VOYAGE DANS L'AUBE.")

become very different from the contemporary Continental style; we may call it Norman

Saxonised, or Saxon Normanised, but certainly it is not Norman. Indeed the buildings of the latter half



TOWER AT ILESCAR. (FROM VILLA AMIL.)

of the twelfth century show that the English were making considerable progress in the elaboration of a perfect round-arched Gothic style; but at the end of this period they fell under the spell of the new French art, which had then for some time been using the pointed arch, and had already brought to some perfection the new style to which that new constructive feature gave rise. For Mr. Fergusson lays it down as beyond question that we did not evolve a pointed style contemporarily with the French; but that the style arose first in France, and after some thirty to fifty years was adopted in England, and not till half a century later still by the Germans, and was never adopted by the Italians.

The thirteenth century was the great building era; not even the Pharaonic era in Egypt, the age of Pericles in Greece, nor the great period of the Roman Empire will bear comparison with the thirteenth century in Europe, whether we look to the extent of the buildings executed, their wonderful variety and constructive elegance, the daring imagination which conceived them, or to the power of poetry and of lofty religious feeling that is expressed in every feature and in every part of them. Mr. Fergusson goes into interesting critical descriptions of some of the great works in this and the other Gothic styles, which we recommend to the attention of our readers, but into which want of space will not allow us to follow him.

The geometric tracery of the

succeeding style was first introduced at Westminster Abbey; and we note that Mr. Fergusson does not appear to entertain so high an opinion of its merits as is generally held; it is difficult, he says, to make the circles of which it is principally composed fit pleasingly into the pointed arch; and though the English architects are sometimes singularly successful in overcoming the difficulty, yet it was this difficulty, he thinks, which led to the adoption of flowing tracery both in France and England. Of the perpendicular window tracery, on the contrary, Mr. Fergusson entertains a higher opinion than the popular one: it has the merit not only of fitting any form, but of being mechanically correct in all its bearings and joints; consequently it gave the architects the power of erecting windows of any size without difficulty or fear of the result; and even to the latest period of Gothic it retained its propriety and elegance of design. Like all tracery it was merely a frame-work subordinate to the painted glass which filled the windows, and in judging it, it is always necessary to bear this in mind; used as it was at first it was nearly the perfection of tracery, but it fell in evil days, and it possessed a fatal facility, which had a tendency to bring it down to a prosaic level.

Towards the end of the second volume (p. 279) is a very interesting chapter on the peculiarities of English Gothic as distinguished from that of the Continent. The first peculiarity is in the roofs; during the round-Gothic style, or Norman, style in England, there was no attempt made to vault the central aisle of a large church; they were all roofed with wood; sometimes the æsthetic blunder was committed of imitating the French stone-vaults in wood; probably because it had come to be thought indispensable that a first-class church should be vaulted.

beauty of their vaults. French vaults have generally no ridge rib, and the other vaulting ribs are thin and



ST. PAUL, SARAGOZA. (FROM VILLA AMIL.)

poor; the ridge-rib, the bold projections of the ribs generally, and their greater number, and the profuse use of sculptured bosses, give a peculiar richness to English vaulting. But, says Mr. Fergusson, beautiful though the stone vaults of early English architects undoubtedly are, it is perhaps after all to be regretted that they did not work out their own system in their own manner. It is more than questionable whether, if the same money had been spent upon timber-roofed cathedrals that was spent on those with vaults, the result would not have been more satisfactory. For instance,—the roof of Westminster Hall is as noble a thing as any vault in the kingdom, and if raised 50 or 60 feet higher, and properly lighted, would have made a nobler nave than any which we possess. Other peculiarities are in the general proportions of the ground-plan and elevation; the Continental cathedrals are lofty and comparatively short, the English are very long and comparatively low; the length of the English cathedrals enabled the architect to project their transepts so as to give the utmost possible variety to their outline, the shortness of the Continental cathedrals made it necessary to keep the transepts down, usually in French examples actually within the line of the aisles. Again the towers of English churches have a much nobler and finer effect than those of the Continental cathedrals; not so much because they are really loftier, as because from the smaller height of the churches they dominate much more nobly over the roof-line.



AISLE IN TRINITY CHURCH, EDINBURGH.

But when the English architects did, in the thirteenth century, begin to vault their great buildings with stone, they excelled the French in the

The erection of the principal tower over the intersection of the roofs of the church is also an arrangement peculiarly English, and gives a picturesque grouping to our exteriors, which is wanting in the Continental cathedrals. The east ends of English cathedrals are square, with a great east window; the French east ends are composed of a corona of circular chapels; in German cathedrals both east and west ends are commonly apsidal. Another characteristic in English cathedrals is the repose and dignity of their exterior, as compared with the confusion and flutter of the pinnacles, flying buttresses, and other expedients to prevent the building from falling, which characterise the exterior of French cathedrals. And again there is a characteristic difference in the sites selected for the cathedrals of the two nations; ours are placed outside the city with an eye to a commanding or a picturesque situation; and are surrounded by a clear space occupied with green lawn and trees; and encircled at a due distance by the venerable residences of the cathedral officials. The French cathedrals always stand in the market-place, in the very centre of the town; often surrounded by hovels and shops, built even against their walls, and which are not always modern excrescences, but frequently as old as the churches themselves. This difference of situation may have had an effect in producing some of those differences which we have previously noted in the general design; the ample precincts of the English cathedral, and its site outside the town, gave space to exhibit its picturesque and grand exterior effects; the French cathedrals can hardly ever be seen at one view, and their height, and the general sacrifice of exterior to interior effect, are perhaps necessary consequences of their standing in the midst of the tall houses of a town.

Mr. Fergusson's Hand-book supplies a general desideratum in so very excellent a manner that it is quite sure to be very popular; and we shall be disappointed if his popularisation of a comprehensive knowledge of the whole Art, and of true principles of criticism of it, do not produce a favourable effect upon the development of the Art in our modern practice.

A FEW WORDS

ON OUR NEAR NEIGHBOURS' TASTE
AND OUR OWN.

POPULAR PAINT—WAR PICTURES.

Present—MAGISTER and AMICUS.

Amicus.—Some one has said, "if a Quaker had been consulted at the creation, what a drab-coloured world it would have been!" No roses or carnations—nor buttercups in the meadows, nor harebells in the woods, but all nature like his costume, brown or gray, like a drawing in sepia or Indian ink!

Magister.—You do the "Friends" injustice; they love flowers as well as other people. Their peculiarity of dress puts them at undue disadvantage with the world: besides, even as to that, it is of excellent texture, scrupulously clean; and the Quakeress lace, for example, ever a marvel for fineness and for neat getting-up, as the ladies say.

Amicus.—Ah! Nature must out somewhere: and if stopped in fine colours, she must out in fine texture. I own I admire a Quakeress: she has a fresh, dairy-maid—new-milk air—neatness and demureness itself. One can fancy her pruning herself in the sunny morning like a bird! I confess I do not admire the gentlemen so much. By the bye, I wonder whether there are any French Quakers! Dear me! a French Quaker would be a phenomenon—a chimæra—a union of opposites indeed—composite to be classed with a centaur or a hippogriff!

Magister.—I don't know whether we can laugh at the "Friends" with a very good grace, as they are only the superlative of what a very great many of us are the positive or comparative; for we have a deal of the early

Puritan about us!—The old commonwealth still clings to us, and sets up plainness as the badge of respectability.—Really as far as house and costume are concerned, these are synonymous terms with a large class.—And this is one stop, mind you, to the freer introduction of ornament and artistic decoration generally about us.

Amicus.—But simplicity is a good wholesome quality; and I think we can have this without being followers of the followers of Fox.

Magister.—I am not one to undervalue it; but simplicity is not plainness, but harmony: and there may be quite as much of this in enrichment as in baldness of parts and colours, and in a decorated entourage, as in one as sober-tinted as a gray north-country village.

Amicus.—Do not say anything against our north-country villages—I have seen a great many of them quite charming!

Magister.—But more from situation and Nature's hand than from man and his ingenuity.

Amicus.—That is regulated so much by the materials the spot affords. You cannot expect a poor cottier to go far afield for bright-coloured stones, while the gray ones lie ready to his hand at the threshold.

Magister.—I have seen Scotch villages that, at a little distance, but for the thin reek from a chimney here and there, and a plaid or two out to dry, had nothing to distinguish them from the boulders around. To be sure, when you came near, you were soon convinced by the rush of the "callants" that you were amid human dwellings! The inhabitants, however, have, as you say, their excuse in poverty or want of means. But it is not so in richer places, with large resources, and where the materials of pleasant decoration are at the easy call of the purse. The want of selection, more than the want of means or of expenditure, is there to be deprecated; nor have we the excuse of the Quakers, who make the matter one of conscience!

Amicus.—Ah! we may learn something in this from our near neighbours. How pretty the French towns are—some of them are gay enough, if you like!

Magister.—Yes, the first step into a French town is enough to convince the Englishman, without the recollection of his passage, that he is in a new land; the aspect of everything is different—gayer—brisker—unaccustomed. The houses have windows and doors, but they are not like ours—their very mouldings and fittings are dissimilar, and their roofs and chimneys are not our roofs and chimneys. The very colours used by the house-painter are of a different family from those he uses here. Indeed, the whole expression of a French room is on a lighter gayer key than an English one, and our countryman, without having time, or being able perhaps, to enter into the details of the causes, is impressed with the amusing novelty of his sensations.

Amicus.—Olfactory and otherwise!

Magister.—I speak only of his eye—which assuredly dilates at what he sees—wonderment becomes admiration, which again perhaps slides into approbation.

Amicus.—But if novelty merely were the cause of this, I suppose it would soon slide back again!

Magister.—I would not father such pleasure and enjoyment derived from French objects solely on their novelty; indeed I am quite prepared to uphold a very different view. It is, however, but fair to premise that novelty itself does form one of their strong points of interest with us. This "novelty" appears an essential part of the French character, and is manifest in almost every phase of life, sometimes for good and sometimes for evil. To the historian it presents a series of changes since the breaking out of the first revolution, that could not have occurred in any other country in five times the time—and in all other subservient and collateral matters, the same mercurial never-resting spirit is evidenced. Love of novelty is a constant living moving principle in Paris, where the very establishment of a thing may be said to be against its continuance! The commencement, the first step towards the

end! The Parisian desires to keep the kaleidoscope continually turning so as to present ever a new set of images. He acknowledges it himself. Nothing is so distasteful to him as "*toujours la même chose!*" and this makes his restless metropolis the head quarters of new things.

Amicus.—And Paris the *merchandise des nouveautés* for all the world! and what wonder, when she receives such encouragement—from our race especially. The Anglo-Saxons, as a body, go to the French for their fashions: it is not only England and Scotland that come "boogie" to her for her new thoughts, but even across the wide deep purveyors come from far lands "boogie" too. In all our Colonial towns that have worked at all up to a metropolitan pitch, the same reverence is paid to French examples and patterns. The lucky digger's wife at the Antipodes, pours out her husband's "dust" for a French bonnet, and he bears her company in a French watch-chain. But of all our race, no portion go further than our brothers of the United States in their deference to French dicta in all such matters—costume especially.

Magister.—The great branch of novelty making in Paris is of course encouraged to the utmost by her thus having the first market, throughout the world for her efforts and goods of this class, from a cap to a clock-case, and thus it is justly founded on a truly peaceable and commercial footing; but the mine must have been there before it was worked, and very precious ore it has produced. I am armed against novelty for pure novelty's sake when unaccompanied with sterling qualities to support it; but I perceive and acknowledge a vast deal of substantial worth in many of those things in France whose first chief impression on us, as strangers, is that of novelty.

Amicus.—Yes, that has occurred to me as you have been speaking, that there is a wide distinction to be drawn between what are novelties to us as strangers, and which may rather be fixed habits to the people themselves, and those which are novelties and matters of change to themselves as well as ourselves.

Magister.—For instance, as to the key of colour presented by the more frequented towns of France. That, perhaps, in its details, may be a matter in some degree affected by change and fashion, but taken altogether broadly, it may be considered, as you say, among its fixed habits, and from among these fixed habits especially may be culled some things thoroughly worthy of our attention and imitation. On this very point of colour, for instance, in our watering and sea-bathing places, where people congregate, not only for health of body, but for relaxation of mind and amusement, to which every kind of cheerful gay tones are conducive, if the houses had somewhat more of the costume of a Continental town, there would be much gain and no loss. At Brighton, for example, when I have been on the pier and have looked back on the range of terraces that line the cliffs, I have regretted their want of colour, and have felt their appearance would have been vastly improved by a gayer key. Even letting the forms alone, by a better, less puritanic application of paint, a vast improvement might be effected. It would cheer up the frontispiece of the place from the sea, and be a sign, rightly hung out, of its character; not that of a business town, but an offset of the metropolis—a sucker from the main plant taken root by the sea at the end of a long stem of railway! a place of recreation, with which the tones of festivity would be as much in accordance in colour as in sound.

Amicus.—A sort of Herculeum to the modern Rome.

Magister.—Nay, rather a Baie by its size. Herculeum and Pompeii were decorated enough, and so, no doubt, was Baie on a grand scale, although no vestige now remains of it.

Amicus.—There was no Vesuvius to preserve it in lava like its cotemporaries—like a naturalist putting live creatures in spirits to retain their gay tints!

Magister.—In France one of the remarks that arise on observing the popular use of colours and paints that give a certain air of gaiety even to the otherwise forlorn and dilapidated portions of the suburbs and "allées" of Paris,

is, that with all their variety they are seldom gaudy, and that their lightness, contrast, and effect more depend on the harmony and knowledge of effect with which they are arranged than on their individual brightness and force. The first thought of the Englishman is whether the colour will stand, with the Frenchman whether it will be pleasing and admired. If the Englishman depart from some very sober "respectable" colour, such as invisible green (which looks black) and so forth—he is likely to indulge in some positive primary colour in full force—and some sudden contrast probably close to it! But not so our near neighbour. If he select one strong pure colour, he will put "no rival near its throne," but will soothe it down to placidity by associating with it subservient secondary or tertiary colours. Assuredly in their use of the broken tints the French workmen are more *au fait* than ours. I am speaking now of the general effect of the towns, and contrasting them with ours to our disadvantage. Doubtless with us a very just knowledge is increasing of colour in appliances to dwellings inside and out, but the circle of information is not so wide. The knowledge of these matters has a much more extensive and popular orbit there than here, and the artist and the workman step more together in France than in England, as has been often said.

Amicus.—The results forming part of national taste?

Magister.—Yes.—Painting, sculpture, architecture, decoration, even the character of dress, being connected with each other as higher or lower branches of the same subject, national tastes are evidenced and illustrated by each and all of these.

Amicus.—In talking of national taste, it is very natural to turn to painting and its national characteristics and peculiarities. Is it not a strange thing that a people (I still mean our neighbours) whose dramatic proprieties will not allow of a death on the stage, can yet witness without reprobation and I suppose with some degree of satisfaction deaths and death-pangs represented in another Art, enhanced too with every ingenuity of horror. I am thinking and speaking somewhat abruptly I know—(but it has just struck me apropos of taste—and I want to know whether it is to be considered good taste!)—of a picture I saw among the modern French pictures at the Beaux Arts Exposition. I forget the exact name of it, but it represented a decollation, and not a frightful detail was omitted that could imbue it with its utmost effect. It was a thing to make you stop and shudder! The gore from the victim is caught in a dish by a black female, who gloating fiendishly on the sight of the agony, involuntarily gapes her mouth with a sympathetic gasp! And the gazer for the moment could hardly help doing the same thing.

Magister.—It cannot be denied that as regards horrors as subjects for art, the tastes of our neighbours and ourselves are widely apart. We avoid them—they seem to welcome them; and I certainly think we have the best of it. I recollect the picture, for such scenes have a fatal attraction, and are not so easily wiped out of the recollection. They seem to possess, among other evil qualities, the fascination of the serpent; for there is unfortunately in most minds a morbid weakness, on which such harrowing subjects eagerly clutch. Our neighbours, however seem to cherish the "morgue"-like sensation. "Grind plenty of the red" has been repeated as the exclamation of David, the historic painter, during the first revolution, and the French palette seems never to have forgotten the injunction. French galleries of art teem with battles, executions, and death-struggles.

Amicus.—Our neighbours' military tastes, and the delights they take in the pomp and circumstance of glorious war, familiarise them, no doubt, with such crimson results.

Magister.—And, in consequence, a larger portion of such subjects are to be seen in French galleries than in those of other nations. The Versailles collection alone contains enough battles and onslaughts to supply the whole world—unredeemed, too, as many of them are, by the excellencies visible in some of the later

contributions; such as Vernet's scenes from the late wars in Algeria; of which the vigour, variety, truth, movement, and character half excuse the terrors they portray.

Amicus.—But how the French people like them! What holiday attractions they are. I have seen the room which is appropriated to them at Versailles thronged with gay Parisians, taking evidently the utmost delight in those scenes of rapine and bloodshed, and hanging with the eye of connoisseurship over struggles so faithfully represented that you may fancy you hear the cry of despair and the death-shriek of agony. The gestures and gesticulations of admiration among the visitors, from even the women and children, show how unaffected is the delight they derive from these presentations.

Magister.—It certainly is enough to make an artist apply himself to such subjects, and to spur him on the path, when such is the appreciation that follows. But the feeling for such here would be very different; and what would please across the water, would shock us on this side: and this is not one of our characteristics that I would wish changed. Admirable, however, as these works are, you will agree with me, no doubt, that they did not gain by their removal from the place for which they were painted, at Versailles,—where it appears we have both seen them—to the apartment in the Beaux Arts. They appeared to me to lose much by being placed too near the eye: their slapdash and scenic style of workmanship became too evident, and emphasized still more strongly the rank I have always given them as works of execution, that is—but the tiptop of panorama painting. In this respect they are not up to the mark of "standard works," although they display vast powers, unparalleled resources, and magical facility. As regards these, indeed, the artist is a marvel. I was told by a friend, who was well acquainted with him, and had the "entrée" while he was at work, that when he was engaged on this very series, he called on him one morning, and being asked his opinion of the work in hand, he freely objected to a principal figure which Vernet had just put in. Having occasion to leave the artist and to return after two hours, he was surprised to see a wholly new figure completed in its place! Within this short space of time, the artist, accepting the criticism with the true frankness of genius, had wiped out the noxious figure, and completed another in lieu of it!

Amicus.—And what makes it the more extraordinary is what I have heard, that he rarely makes use of models, so that he must do it, as boys say—"all out of his own head."

Magister.—Nay the close copying of models were inconsistent with such facility. An artist even of equal powers, who worked close by nature, would not have been capable of the foregoing marvel, although the style of his work might be more sterling; for facility is often its own bane, producing the very slap-dash which makes the shortcomings of these works; and it often produces a conventionalism lacking of Nature's essence.

Amicus.—That latter observation you would not apply to Vernet's works. We have just said they were only too natural.

Magister.—In one respect, but as works of execution—in detail and completion—not quite complete. Even Vernet's memory of Nature will not reach to the minutest refinements.—But what a recollection he has!—I suppose he never forgot a group or an action.—There on his memory it is daguerreotyped for ever! For the details of battles his resources appear endless!

Amicus.—No wonder!—for the story goes that on occasion of his visit to the East, at the commencement of the Crimean hostilities; on his giving his opinion on some point of the War, before the late Marshal St. Arnaud, the latter alluded to its being at any rate not a professional opinion—when the veteran artist retorted—it is said with truth—"Marshal, I have been in more battles than you!"

Magister.—Dramatic enough—the sword in one hand and the brush in the other, and either proud of the other. I saw him once at St.

Cloud on a fête day: ancient, upright, "averte," active, with every ounce of superfluous evaporated by the heat and motion of the restless spirit within. His whole chest, from shoulder to shoulder across, and from waist to gorge, was blazing with decorations! I thought him a General at least!—till I was undeceived—but he was no less—

"A king can make a belted knight,
A royal duke—and a' that."

A monarch may make many generals, but not a Horace Vernet!

Amicus.—He is a true son of France, and a vast favourite with his countrymen.

Magister.—His works have deservedly a large public in France, for they are exactly in accordance with the national taste. They are moreover state engines—fostering the love of the people for military distinction. To be enshrined in a *tableau* of Vernet's, were the height of ambition to the young aspirants of the *École Militaire*. His works send many a recruit to the army.

ART IN THE PROVINCES.

BIRMINGHAM.—The exhibition of the works of the pupils of the school of Art, which has been open here, is now closed: the local papers speak in very favourable terms of the contributions of many of the students, and of their general progress:—"On the whole, this exhibition proves that the local administration of this school, and the instruction imparted therein, are of a very satisfactory and gratifying character; and apart from the head master (Mr. George Wallis), the thanks of the public of Birmingham are due to Mr. Daniel Wood, the deputy head master; Mr. William Wallis, the elementary master of the central school; and to Mr. Walker, to whom is confided chiefly the practical working of the classes in parochial schools, and of the class at the Worcester Diocesan College, Saltley, where, according to Mr. H. Cole's statement at the meeting, referred to elsewhere, the students have been pre-eminently successful at the last examination in drawing. It is quite clear that an earnest spirit is at work in this district; and it is equally clear that the fault of any lack of progress in future will lie at other doors than those of the head master, and those acting with him, in the work for which he is responsible."—Prior to the close of the exhibition, Mr. Wallis delivered a lecture, explanatory of the course of instruction, as illustrated by the works of the students, to a large audience, composed chiefly of artisans.

NORWICH.—The committee of the Norwich School of Art recently invited the friends and patrons of the institution to a *conversazione* at the school-room in St. Andrew's Street, an invitation that was accepted by a large number of the most influential inhabitants of the city and its immediate neighbourhood, as the chief object of the meeting was to promote a taste for Art among the citizens; and for this purpose there was a very considerable collection got together of pictures, drawings, engravings, photographs, and illustrated books. The large class-room contained a variety of artistic productions by the students, including the drawings which lately obtained medals from the Department of Science and Art in London. During the evening Mr. J. H. Gurney, M.P., addressed the company on the present and future prospects of the school; in the course of his remarks he said, "In the public schools there are 79 pupils, and in the special and intermediate 44, making a total of 123, which, I am informed, shows an increase in the second class during the past year. There are 850 pupils belonging to the public schools, making a total of 973, who are reaping the advantages of this institution. It seems that the number of medals—ten—recently awarded to the pupils of the Norwich school was much larger than those awarded to any other school, in proportion to the population of the places, respectively, which came into competition. This speaks most favourably for the judicious system of training pursued by Mr. Claude L. Nursey, the head master. Sir H. Stracey, Bart., M.P., Sir S. Bignold, M.P., Sir H. Stracey, Bart., M.P., Sir J. G. Johnson, also and the Mayor of Norwich, Mr. J. G. Johnson, also delivered their sentiments on matters connected with this institution before the assembly broke up."

CAMBRIDGE.—The Exhibition in aid of the Patriotic Fund, which has been for some time in preparation, under the patronage of H.R.H. Prince Albert, Chancellor of the University, and

* To be continued.

of many of the most distinguished members of that seat of learning, opened on the 11th of February, and gave an agreeable surprise to the visitors. Not only have valuable pictures been collected from the neighbourhood, but Cantabs, by their influence and exertions among friends, have discovered and drawn out considerable amateur talent from all parts of the country. The exhibition contains pictures by Claude, Both, Watteau, Berghem, Holbein, Rembrandt, Vandyck, among the ancient masters; and by Turner, Frost, Gainsborough, Lee, Clint, Herring, Copley Fielding, Dallas, Richmond, among modern painters. The works of Mr. and Miss Colkett, of Cambridge, attracted much notice. C. Jenyns, Esq., Dr. Phelps, W. Hopkins, Esq., and Miss Hopkins, contributed liberally from their excellent collections. We believe the origin of this exhibition, and no small part of its ultimate success, are due to three or four young "gownsmen," lovers of Art, who worked hard during the last long vacation to promote the object: they deserve all credit for the highly satisfactory result of their labours. It is to be regretted that the committee talk of closing in a month's time: we trust the energy displayed will be so earnestly responded to by the town and its visitors, as to justify them in keeping the exhibition open for some time longer.

OXFORD.—"The collection of objects of Art," says the *Athenaeum*, "which Mr. Chambers Hall presented to the University Galleries at Oxford, has been arranged in a room leading from the staircase to the long gallery, which contains the original drawings by Raphael and Michael Angelo. Mr. Hall's collection affords specimens of great variety, but of unequal merit. Some might have been well spared. Among the antiquities are a few exquisite bronzes with the blue Pompeian patina upon them,—a graceful Praefectum and several vase handles deserving especial attention,—also some terra-cotta griffins, gilded figures, gem rings, and a small vase of whitish clay, picked out with a greenish tint, which affords another proof in its figures and ornaments of the connection between Assyrian and Etruscan Art. A small mounted drawing of the head of the Madonna in red chalk, by Leonardo da Vinci, is very questionable. Not so a beautiful drawing by the same master, with silver point on prepared reddish ground, representing two sitting figures and some mechanical devices. These, and a drawing by Raphael of 'The Nativity,' which has been engraved in fac-simile in Ottley's 'School of Design,' belonged to the Lawrence collection. These precious drawings are fortunately re-united as nearly as possible to the large mass happily detained in our own country at the time of the first sale of Sir Thomas's treasures. Two other fine drawings by Raphael, 'The Presentation' and the 'The Child in La Belle Jardinière,' hang on the same wall; and near the door is a magnificent cartoon of a 'Holy Family' by Razzi, Il Sodoma. A small model in wax by Michael Angelo of the female figure of 'Morning,' for the monument of Lorenzo de' Medici, is evidently a first thought. The modern pictures include a fine portrait of Mrs. Bradly, by Sir Joshua Reynolds,—two sketches of Garrick as Abel Druggier, by Zoffany,—a portrait of Thornhill, by Hogarth, and his sketches for the 'Country Inn Yard,' 'A conversation of Connoisseurs,' and 'The Enraged Musician.' Pictures with greater names are less satisfactory. An exaggerated portrait of the donor, by Linnell, fails to convey the benevolence of expression which all who knew him must remember. He left also an ancient painting from Herculaneum of a seated female, attended by Cupid holding a toilet-box. It is inserted in the wall of the staircase, near the Nisroch sculpture presented by Mr. Layard."

LEEDS.—Mr. J. C. Swallow, principal master of the Leeds Government School of Art, has recently delivered some lectures on ancient ornamental art as practised by the Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans, illustrated by diagrams. In his introduction he remarked, that to a manufacturing nation like England, a knowledge of ornamental art must be a subject of vital importance. It had for its object the improvement and adornment of manufactures; and as a superior and improved article will always be preferred, a knowledge of ornamental art must tend to extend and increase the demand. This knowledge, therefore, becomes a question for the consideration of all classes. Ornamental art could not be confined to a class. It operated with the patron or purchaser, with the producer or manufacturer, and with the workman. The first inquires, according to his knowledge, for the most beautiful thing for his money. The second finds that he meets with a readier sale, and can obtain a higher value for extra beauty. The architect, as a producer, finds ornamental beauty a great addition and recommendation in his profession. In fact, whatever may be the thing produced or manufactured,

ornamental art adds greatly to its value. The workman, too, could obtain higher wages and better employment by his knowledge of the ornamental. The claim of nations to high civilisation is based upon their knowledge of, and progress in, ornamental art. We must judge of them by their buildings, their decorations, and the improvement and beauty of their manufactures. Mr. Swallow, in his third lecture, said the Saracens did not build mosques, but they left several palaces, and one in particular at Palermo, which takes its name from the last word of an inscription, *la ziza*, and was called by the Italians, *La Ziza*, or the Zig-zag. And there we get, he said, the origin of the word "zig-zag;" and the importation of the peculiar zig-zag form is a characteristic of Norman in this country and in France.

BATH.—The second conversation of the Bath Society for the Promotion of the Fine Arts took place on the evening of February 12th, and was very fully attended. The large assembly room was used for the display of oil pictures, while the octagon was appropriated to the drawings, sketches, photographs, &c. The most important works contributed on this occasion were Turner's 'Burning of the Houses of Parliament,' and Landseer's 'Waiting for the Deer to Rise,' both the property of Mr. Wallis; 'The Light of the World,' and 'The Strayed Sheep,' by H. Hunt, belonging to Mr. Maud; 'The First Step,' by T. Faed; 'Diogenes in Search of an Honest Man,' by T. Barker; 'Too Hot for the Fish to Bite,' by J. Burnet; there was also a large collection of pictures and drawings framed, and drawings in portfolios, by H. Johnson, Woolmer, J. Philip, Blacklock, H. B. Willis, Bright, A. Frapp, Jutsum, Jackson, Syer, Luny, Mr. and Mrs. Duffield, Warren, Robins, Branwhite, Shayer, Rankley, F. Goodall, A.R.A., Lance, David Cox, Collingwood Smith, Topham, Muller, Pyne, J. Danby, Rosenberg, Havell, Gosling, Horlor, &c. &c.; the "gathering," as a whole, was of a right good order.

LIVERPOOL.—The committee of the fund raised as a testimonial to the late Mr. H. L. Elmes, the architect of St. George's Hall, in Liverpool, have decided to allow to the widow the interest on the sum now collected, about 1400*l.*, and at her decease to the surviving son. At his death, two scholarships, to be called the "Elmes Scholarships," for Architectural students, or students of the Fine Arts, are to be founded, and to be made available for two years each to pupils of the Royal, the Collegiate, or the Mechanics' Institution, as the trustees for the time being may decide, on the merits of a specific examination for the purpose.—The following pictures were purchased by collectors from the gallery of the Liverpool Academy of Arts, at the exhibition recently closed:—A Watercourse in July, A. FRASER; 'The First Thought of Murder,' W. DOUGLAS, R.S.A.; 'The Lesson,' J. STIRLING; 'The Idlers,' G. PAGET; 'Haymaking,' C. DAVIDSON; 'Falkland Palace,' A. FRASER; 'Carnarvon Castle,' W. J. J. BOND; 'The Twentieth of August,' J. HARDY; 'Mechanical Science adding Speed to the Wheel,' F. M. MILLER; 'Antiquarian,' DE BLOCK; 'Mill near Ashford,' A. FRASER; 'Ireland's Mansion,' T. N. HENSHAW; 'Peace,' F. M. MILLER; 'War,' F. M. MILLER; 'A Snug Retreat,' R. P. BURCHAM; 'Fish Girl,' MISS S. BRIGHT; 'The Source of Nantlle River,' J. W. OAKES; 'Relics of Bygone Days,' A. PENLEY; 'Ariel,' F. M. MILLER; 'Bonchurch, Isle of Wight,' W. COLLINGWOOD; 'Liverpool from Seacombe,' W. J. J. BOND; 'Near Kenilworth,' Mrs. W. OLIVER; 'Carnarvon Castle,' Mrs. HAY; 'Fast Bind, Fast Find,' J. PELHAM; 'Covenanter Listening to a Preacher,' E. H. HARDEN; 'On the Banks of Loch Ness,' W. S. ROSE; 'Welsh Scenery,' B. SHIPHAM; 'Falls on the Isla, Forfar,' G. L. BEETHOLME; 'A Nubian, Upper Egypt,' J. F. LEWIS; 'Early Morning, on the Rhine,' Mrs. W. OLIVER; 'Venice,' E. PRITCHETT; 'Tabernacle of St. Peter,' J. DOBBIN; 'Loch Scene,' F. WATTS; 'Villagers Going Home,' J. PELL; 'Flower Girl,' F. M. MILLER; 'The Poet's Haunt,' W. HAVELL; 'Fowls and Pigeons,' W. HUGGINS; 'Waterside Vegetation,' E. HARGITT; 'Coron Mill, Anglesey,'—Evening, J. W. OAKES; 'Enamel of a Fox's Head,' W. ESSEX; 'View on the River Maas,' G. CHAMBERS; 'Clean your Boots, Sir!,' J. E. MARTIN; 'Harvest Girl,' O. OAKLEY; 'The Teataller and Tippler,' J. HAYLLAR; 'Marble statuette,'—'The Good Shepherd,' P. VANLINDEN; 'The Devil's Bridge,' W. C. SMITH; 'The Archbishops' Tombs,' L. J. RAYNER; 'Riviere de Levante,' C. VACHER; 'A Summer's Morning,' H. J. BODDINGTON; 'Birds' Nests,' J. H. BIRCH; 'Loch Katrine,' S. B. PERCY; 'Interior,' a Sketch, T. ROCHE; 'An Orange Girl,' W. CHARR; 'Griselda,' J. BOUVIER, Sen.; 'The Village Common,' A. PERRY; 'Rue du Cadet,' L. J. WOOD; 'The Navvies' Dog in the Crimea,' J. ZEITZER; 'Welsh

Peasant,' G. YOUNGE; 'Graystock Castle,' W. HAVELL; 'The London Orange Girl,' J. STIRLING; 'Scene at the Entrance of Newhaven Harbour,' the late C. FIELDING; 'Incident in the Desert,' J. A. HUSTON, R.S.A.; 'Scene near the Handeck,' H. SHERIDAN; 'Beach View, New Brighton,' J. WAKE; 'Old House, near Chester,' R. CLOTHIER; 'Sundawn,' E. HARGITT; 'Ben Nevis,' J. S. RAVEN; 'Late at School,' W. BROMLEY; 'The Milkmaid,' B. CALLOW; 'View in Tilgate Forest,' the late C. FIELDING; 'Dysart, coast of Fife,' S. BOUGH; 'Smiler,' a Study, N. BRANGWIN; 'Evening on the Ouse,' R. STUBBS; 'Harbour and Town of Calais,' A. BRERANT; 'A Cloudy Day in August,' H. B. WILLIS; 'Fisherwomen of Portal,' U. BOUVIER; 'Little Nelly,' C. COMPTON; 'A Corner in the Hayfield,' J. BOUVIER; 'View on the Trent,' B. SHIPHAM; 'Castle of Ehrenberg,' Mrs. W. OLIVER; 'Pomerne on the Moselle,' Mrs. W. OLIVER; 'The Miller's Daughter,' E. HAVELL; 'The Rest by the Wayside,' T. P. HALL; 'Richmond Park, Surrey,' G. C. MAUND; 'A Partridge,' Miss J. BOUVIER; 'Distant View of Osborne,' E. DUNCAN; 'The Truant's Return,' J. SMETHAM; 'Venice, from the Church of San Giorgio,' W. CALLOW; 'Venice, from the Foscari Palace,' W. CALLOW; 'Spring,' E. HAVELL; 'Early Spring Evening,' W. DAVIS; 'Nature and Art,' G. LANCE; 'A Sketch,' J. CALLOW, Junr.; 'Adam and Eve,' H. C. WHAITE; 'Scene in Edinburgh,' W. G. HERDMAN; 'A Brown Study,' W. HUGGINS; 'In the Vale of Neath,' A. VICKERS; 'Eton College, Bucks,' W. PARROTT; 'An Embroiderer,' E. J. CORRETT; 'Free Trade and Protection,' J. BUCHANAN; 'Fishing Boats on the Coast of Sussex,' W. WILLIAMS; 'Port Glasgow, Evening,' S. BOUGH; 'Remains of Stokesay Castle,' Mrs. HAY; 'In South Wales,' T. FROWD; 'Neetwood Kilns,' C. DAVIDSON; 'A Mallard,' G. HICKIN. Pictures selected by the Liverpool Art-Union Prizeholders:—'Shallows on the Llugwy,' F. W. HULME; 'Flowers, &c.,' R. CLOTHIER; 'Morning on the Mersey,' R. CLOTHIER; 'The Mountain Stream,' J. HILL; 'Staircase at St. Maclou,' J. NASH; 'Digging for Lobsters,' C. DAVIDSON; 'On the Shore, Formby,' W. J. J. BOND; 'Interior, Haddon Hall,' S. D. SWARBICK; 'Blarney Castle, Ireland,' J. DOBBIN; 'Interior of Crypt at Wingfield Manor House,' W. G. HERDMAN; 'The Keep, Carisbrook Castle,' W. GRAY; 'Easby Abbey, Yorkshire,' S. D. SWARBICK; 'The Royal Fugitive,' W. COLLINGWOOD; 'A View on the River Erne,' E. H. HURDLE; 'Mills at Montreux,' W. COLLINGWOOD; 'A Welsh Trout Stream,' A. F. ROLFE; 'Rustic Cottage,' J. CALLOW; 'The Penitent,' F. P. HALL; 'The Stable Door, Haddon Hall,' A. PENLEY; 'Interior of the Hall, Magdalen College,' J. NASH; 'Autumnal View in Richmond Park,' H. C. PIDGEON; 'Entrance to the Keep, Richmond Castle,' S. D. SWARBICK; 'Pool on the Llugwy,' A. HUNT; 'Bidston Marsh,' A. W. HUNT; 'The Highlander's Departure,' H. ROBERTS; 'A Chimney Nook,' J. CAMPBELL; 'Experimental Philosophy,' J. BUCHANAN; 'At Jersey,' A. MONTAGUE; 'Nant Mill, N. W.,' G. D. CALLOW; 'Snowdon,' J. HORLOR; 'Bern Castle,' Mrs. W. OLIVER; 'Pheasant,' J. D. WATSON; 'A Sketch from Nature,' J. WAKE; 'Homestead, Watling Cattle,' A. R. C. CORBOULD; 'A Salmon Pool,' A. F. ROLFE; 'Lane Scene,' J. CALLOW; 'The Mountain Spring,' J. BOUVIER, sen.; 'The Paper, Please,' W. ROMER; 'Antwerp Cathedral,' J. DOBBIN; 'The Cheshire Coast,' B. CALLOW; 'Landscape,' F. WATTS; 'An Avenue in Hatfield Park,' H. JUTSUM; 'A Weedy Bank on the Thames,' H. J. BODDINGTON; 'The Timber Waggon,' J. HORLOR; 'Moel Siabod,' S. BURS; 'The Church at Hardour,' A. MONTAGUE. Pictures purchased by the Glasgow Art-Union:—'Birk Crag,' G. C. STANFIELD; 'Adeline,' W. COLLINGWOOD; 'Preparing Dinner,' J. F. PASMORE; 'An Interior at Kerlemdj,' A. PROVIS; 'The Lesson,' W. WEIR; 'View from the Top of Llanbertis Lake,' W. PITT; 'Departing Day,' W. FREEMAN, jun.; 'Ducks,' C. H. WEIGALL. The total sales amount to 2956*l.* 1*s.*, of which the private sales amount to 2057*l.* 1*s.*; the Liverpool Art-Union Prizeholders took 667*l.* 7*s.*, and the Glasgow Art-Union 231*l.* 13*s.*

GLASGOW.—The Art-Union of Glasgow has issued its first list of pictures purchased for the prizeholders of the current year. It contains, among others of smaller pecuniary value, the following:—'Ben Blavon, Isle of Skye,' H. McCULLOCK, R.S.A., 200*l.*; 'Cottage Window,' R. GAVIN, A.R.S.A., 150*l.*; 'Caught Again,' E. NICOL, 130*l.*; 'Summer Trophies,' J. SANT, 126*l.*; 'Grouse, &c.,' G. W. HORLOR, 120*l.*; 'The Dancing Lesson,' R. T. ROSS, A.R.S.A., 115*l.*; 'The Villa Fountain,' W. L. LEITCH, 100*l.*; 'The Household Gods in Danger,' J. FAED, R.S.A., 84*l.*; 'View in North

Wales, J. C. WARD, 70s.; 'Red Tarn, Helvellyn,' G. W. PRITTITT, 60s.; 'A Pleasant Way through the Welsh Woods,' H. J. BODDINGTON, 60s.; 'The Lynn Spout, near Dalry,' H. McCulloch, R.S.A., 60s.; 'The Stepping Stones,' E. J. COBBETT, 55s.; 'The Edge of the Wood,' F. H. HENSHAW, 50s.; 'Birk Crag, near Harrogate, Yorkshire,' GEORGE G. STANFIELD, 50s.; 'Adeline,' W. COLLINGWOOD, 50s.; 'Stiff Breeze,' E. T. CRAWFORD, R.S.A., 45s.; 'In the Island of Arran,' E. HARGITT, 45s.; 'A Forest Brook,' JAMES STARK, 40s.; 'An Interior at Kertimidi, near St. Poll de Leon, in Brittany,' A. PROVIS, 40s.; 'Early Morning on the Thames,' H. J. BODDINGTON, 40s.; 'A Thought from Boccaccio,' A. J. WOOLMER, 30s.; 'Rustic Figures,' J. J. HILL, 30s.; 'Poetry, Music, and Painting,' K. HARTMANN, 30s.; 'A Woodland Pool,' B. WILLIAMS, 25s.; 'The Margin of Ennerdale Water,' G. W. PRITTITT, 25s.; 'Chalk Pit, Gattton, Surrey,' C. DAVIDSON, 25s.; 'Catherine of Arragon (a Study),' H. O. NEIL, 25s.; 'Lewis Castle, Sussex,' C. DAVIDSON, 25s.; 'Roslin Glen, Wintour, 25s.; 'Cupids in a Shell,' JOHN GEO. NAIRN, 25s.; 'Haddon Hall,' E. HARGITT, 25s.; 'On the Berwick Coast,' R. T. ROSS, 25s.; 'The Rainbow,' J. SIMMONS, 21s.; 'Shall I Tell your Fortune,' JAS. CURNOCK, 21s.; 'May,' K. HERDMAN, 20s.; 'Study of Salmon and Trout,' H. L. ROLFE, 20s.; 'The Borders of Derbyshire and Staffordshire, near Stapenhill,' J. FEEL, 20s.; 'Scotch Terriers,' T. EARL, 20s.; 'A Path through the Woods, N. Wales,' H. J. BODDINGTON, 20s.; 'Preparing for Dinner,' J. F. PASMORE, 20s.; 'Floral Emblems,' J. COLBY, 20s.; 'Snowing,' G. A. WILLIAMS, 18s.; 'The Terrace Avenue, Haddon,' R. H. LINES, 18s.; 'Study from Nature,' WINTOUR, 18s.; 'Entrance to Canterbury by West Gate,' J. HENSHALL, 18s.; 'The Blind Father,' K. HARTMAN, 17s.; 'The Old Library,' B. WILLIAMS, 15s.; 'Fishing Boats in a Fresh Breeze, off the Bayley Lighthouse, Dublin,' E. HAYES, 15s.

WARRINGTON.—We are desirous of correcting an error in our notice last month of the fancy fair recently held in this town: the master of the school is Mr. Thompson, and not Mr. Brewtnall, as we stated: the latter gentleman is secretary, and to his exertions the success of the bazaar is mainly owing.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—The author of the panoramas lately exhibited in the Champs Elysées, Colonel Langlois, is now at Sebastopol, by orders of the French government, to execute a panorama of the town and forts. A new "Salle" is opened in the Louvre, containing sculptures and bas-reliefs of the middle ages. A museum has been opened at Napoleon Vendée, for painting, sculpture, and local antiquities. Delaroche is hard at work repairing the "Hemicycle." The scaffolding of the Carusel has been taken down, and the public is admitted to see the splendid buildings: if there is any fault to be found in them, it is in the superabundance of ornament.—It is reported that Clesinger, our excellent sculptor, is about to emigrate to England, in consequence of his fine equestrian statue of Francis I. having been rejected by the government, and from disgust with the intrigue and partiality displayed here in every department of Art, &c.—Yvon, author of the "Retreat from Moscow," exhibited last year, is in the Crimea, studying the sites, in order to execute several of the great battles.—An immense number of churches have been given into the hands of artists for decoration; Signol, Gourlier, Marquis, Glaize, &c., have received commissions; generally the churches are being overcharged with all sorts of ornaments, Byzantine, &c., by which all simplicity will be lost, until time tames down the glare of colour: the church of St. Elizabeth, Rue du Temple, ornamented with rich wood carvings, mural paintings, and stained glass, is one of those which has been most favoured by municipal liberality.—The sixth exhibition of Bordeaux has been opened with great success; most of our great artists have contributed works. Several gifts have been made by the Minister of State for the lottery which follows the close of the exhibition.—Sebastian Cornu has executed many excellent paintings at St. Severin.—Two statues in bronze, half life size, have been placed in the Champs Elysées, representing respectively Buffon and Olivier de Serres; also one of Marshal Gerard.—The Minister of State has ordered of M. Elias Robert two groups for the Avenue de l'Impératrice, Bois de Boulogne.

* This statement of our correspondent is denied in other communications from Paris which we have seen.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

MIRIAM.

W. Hensel, Painter. H. Bourne, Engraver.
Size of the Picture, 6 ft. 3 in. diameter.

HENSEL, one of the most distinguished living painters of the school of Berlin, is the son of a clergyman, and was born at Trebbin, in 1794. He evinced at an early age a taste for the Fine Arts, but his parents, having another object in view, sent him, when sixteen years old, to Berlin, to qualify him for a post under the Government. The death of his father very shortly after he had gone to Berlin, removed the chief obstacle in the way of his entering upon the life of an artist; and encouraged by the director of the Academy, Frisch, Hensel commenced his studies in right earnest. In the Berlin Art-Exhibition of 1812 appeared his first oil-pictures—a portrait of himself, and "Christ on the Mount of Olives," the latter showing considerable feeling and devotional character. During the three following years the pencil was exchanged for the sword, and the time was passed amid camps and battles, in rolling back upon France the tide of war which she had thrown upon the nations of the continent. On the restoration of peace in 1815, Hensel resumed his occupation at the easel; but his success at first was not commensurate with his zeal; he therefore abandoned historical painting for a time, principally because he had a mother and a brother dependent on him for support. Money it was essential he should earn; and to accomplish this purpose, he made drawings and engraved etchings for almanacks and other similar publications, and also painted portraits. He at length received a commission to paint, in one of the saloons of the new theatre, a series of subjects taken from the most celebrated tragic authors: several of these have been engraved in outline. To this period also may be traced the most eventful epoch of his life—a journey to Italy, for which the King of Prussia furnished him with the necessary means. Prior to his starting, however, he was charged to execute the portraits of a number of distinguished persons who had taken part in a grand fête at court in a sort of *tableau vivant* of "Lallah Rookh:" these portraits are all in costume.

Hensel set out for Rome in 1823; he there made a copy, the size of the original, of "The Transfiguration," by Raffaele; this copy is in the chapel of Charlottenburg. At Rome, too, he painted a large picture of "The Good Samaritan," which is in one of the country palaces of the King of Prussia, placed most disadvantageously among many other pictures of different kinds; had it formed an altar-piece in some church, it would be seen with far better effect. Returning to Berlin in 1828, Hensel became a member of the Academy, and was appointed painter to the King. He married the sister of Mendelssohn, the renowned composer.

The most important picture painted by Hensel is the property of the King of Prussia; the subject is "Christ before Pilate," a large work, with a vast number of life-size figures. It is in the church of the garrison of Berlin, and, having a good light, is seen to great advantage. Another fine work of this master is "Christ in the Desert," of colossal dimensions.

His "Miriam" was painted in 1836; it represents the Israelitish maiden at the head of her countrywomen, chanting her song of gladness at the destruction of the hosts of Pharaoh: "Sing to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea;" or, as Moore has beautifully paraphrased the song,—

"Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea;
Jehovah has triumph'd, and Israel is free."

The composition is rich in poetical sentiment, and is characterised by exceeding grace in the principal figures, especially in the female with the harp; it is powerfully coloured: the figures are life-sized.

The picture is in the collection at Osborne.

COPYRIGHT IN ENGRAVINGS.

AN interesting case has been heard before the Vice-Chancellor, Sir William Page Wood, application was made on the part of Mr. Cassell (the well-known publisher of cheap illustrated publications), to restrain Messrs. George Stiff and George Vickers (also publishers), from selling, or exposing for sale, or hire, or otherwise disposing of, or causing, procuring, or permitting to be sold or exposed for sale or hire, any copies or copy of any of the parts or numbers of the *London Journal*, already published, containing any prints, drawings, woodcuts, engravings, names, designations, letter-press, copied or colourably altered from the periodical French work, *L'Illustration*; and also from printing, or publishing, or selling, or exposing for sale or hire, or otherwise disposing of, or causing, or procuring, or permitting to be printed, published, sold, or exposed for sale or hire, or otherwise disposed of, in any future parts or numbers, or in any future part or number, of the *London Journal*, or in any other publication, any print, drawing, wood-cut, engraving, illustration, passage, article, paper, matter, or thing taken or copied, or colourably altered from any print, drawing, wood-cut, &c., contained in any of the numbers of the periodical *L'Illustration*, already published, in which Mr. Cassell has copyright, or which shall or may at any time or times hereafter be contained, printed, and published in any of the future numbers of *L'Illustration*. The plaintiff's bill asked an account of profits made by partial copies of prints from *L'Illustration*, and a decree for payment of such profits when ascertained. The plaintiff, Mr. Cassell, stated that prior to June, 1855, Armand le Chevalier and Alexandre Paulin, of No. 60, Rue Richelieu, Paris, were the editors and proprietors of *L'Illustration Journal Universel*, a periodical published every Saturday in Paris. It was alleged that Messrs. Armand le Chevalier and Paulin had made such agreements with the authors and designers of articles and papers, and of prints, drawings, and engravings which appeared in *L'Illustration*, as to confer on them a perfect right to the exclusive benefit derivable from that work, under the international convention between England and France relating to copyright, concluded between her Majesty Queen Victoria and the French Republic in 1852, and under the 7th and 8th Viet., c. 12, the act to amend the law relating to international copyright; and under the 15th and 16th Viet., c. 12, which was passed to enable the Queen to carry into effect the convention with France in respect to copyright, to extend and explain the International Copyright Acts, and to explain the laws relating to copyright engravings. Messrs. Armand le Chevalier and Paulin had, pursuant to the requisitions of the 15th and 16th Viet., c. 12, signified their intention of preserving their copyright and the right of translation here, by a notice printed on the title-page of their periodical. The plaintiff stated that in June last he negotiated for the purchase of the English copyright of *L'Illustration*, and on the 18th of that month, entered into an agreement with Le Chevalier and Paulin, that they should, in consideration of his taking of them and paying for, at rates specified, the copyright of the engravings, woodcuts, or drawings to be contained in *L'Illustration*, the aggregate amount to be paid being stipulated to amount annually to 12,500s., sell and assign to Mr. Cassell their copyright in this country in the periodical work *L'Illustration*; and Messrs. Le Chevalier and Paulin, on the 21st of June last, caused the work *L'Illustration* to be registered at Stationers' Hall, as prescribed by the statutes, and deposited a copy of the work, and caused an entry to be made in the registry book there, of the assignment to Mr. Cassell, as prescribed by the 5th and 6th Viet., cap. 45, sec. 13. Mr. Cassell stated that he inserted in his works, *Cassell's Illustrated Family Paper* and the *Picture Times*, articles, papers, prints, drawings, woodcuts and engravings selected from the work *L'Illustration*, and he alleged that Mr. Stiff and Mr. Vickers, publishers of the *London Journal*, had inserted in that work prints, drawings, woodcuts, and engravings from *L'Illustration*, and that they had done this without permission, and to the injury and damage of the plaintiff. Counsel having been heard for plaintiff and defendant, the Vice-Chancellor said the questions of construction on these Copyright Acts, in connection with the facts, were much too doubtful to be decided upon a motion for an injunction, until the plaintiff had established his legal right in an action. He had grave doubts upon the 15th and 16th Viet., c. 12, sec. 7. Some questions might arise upon the order in council on the subject. There must be liberty to bring an action, and liberty to apply.



W. HENSEL, PINXT

H. BOURNE, SCULPT

MIRIAM.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION.

LONDON, PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS.



THE
BIRMINGHAM SCHOOL OF ART.

THE Earl of Hardwicke, as President of the school, has presided at the annual meeting in Birmingham; and is succeeded in the Presidency by Lord Ward. Mr. Cole and Mr. Redgrave attended, and both gentlemen delivered addresses: from that of Mr. Cole we extract the following passages:—

It was generally supposed that the French government did everything for the people in the matter of Art education, while our own did little or nothing; but this was far from being the case. He ventured to say there was nothing like the assistance rendered to any provincial school in France which this institution received from the government of this country and from the public of Birmingham. The French schools of Art in the provinces were entirely worked out by the persons resident in the localities, the funds being derived from the *octroi* dues levied in every town. The government, in fact, did nothing whatever for the provincial schools of France, with the exception of sending them bad pictures purchased from the exhibitions of Paris. He had not found a single instance in which a French school derived aid to the same extent as was received from government by the Birmingham school. It had been said, too, that although the government did meddle a little in the question of Art education, it did a great deal more in London than anywhere else. Now, that he conceived to be entirely a mistake. Whatever might have been the state of things at the outset, the whole tendency of the present system was to extend aid to schools throughout the provinces, as was proved by the rapid increase of schools of design. Not much more than five years ago, the number of schools did not exceed eighteen, while at present there were upwards of sixty such institutions, and there was reason for believing that this increase had mainly arisen from the course government had pursued. It had been said that the expenditure of public money for the promotion of Art was in greater proportion in the metropolis than elsewhere. The object, however, of the institution in London was to train up masters for the provincial towns, and at the present time they had the advantage of the services of three or four of these gentlemen in Birmingham.

We give Mr. Cole the full benefit of his views upon this topic: for there can be no doubt they will be much canvassed in the provinces, where it is known so much discontent prevails. They received indeed partial comment and consideration from M. W. C. Aitken, who spoke at the meeting to the following effect:—

He admitted that the same amount of care was not given to some departments of Art in France as in this country, but he must express his opinion, that if the money spent in the Art-museums of France was taken into consideration, it would be found that the assistance rendered by government in that country, was on a more liberal scale than in our own. He would ask Mr. Cole how it was, that with so little Art education in France, they still stood in the van of all that regarded Art; for even though much of French ornament might be redundant, yet take away the excess, and the French ornamentists would still be far in advance of our own. When Mr. Cole spoke of the small amount of state assistance afforded to Art in France, he would ask why he did not take into consideration the support given to the Louvre, to the Hotel Cluny, to the Gobelins, and to the manufactory of Sevres? Reverting to the support of Art in England, he would remind Mr. Cole, that while the sum of 7969*l.* 9*s.* 11*d.* was expended on the Marlborough House school, the direct payments to the whole of the provincial schools, did not amount to more than 6349*l.* 13*s.* 0*d.*, of which only 476*l.* were allotted to the Birmingham school. He contended that a larger measure of assistance ought to be extended by the government to the Birmingham and the other provincial schools.

The Hon. and Rev. G. M. Yorke supported this view of the subject:—

He believed that the self-supporting system, if applied to the school at Birmingham, must be a failure. In order to meet the expenses, the fees would have to be raised, and many students would consequently be compelled to give up attending. To be self-supporting the school must be maintained entirely by the fees paid by students, and, he asked, was it possible so to increase the number of students as to raise the sum now derived from government and from voluntary contributions?

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of "THE ART-JOURNAL."

COPIES OF THE "OLD MASTERS" IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

SIR,—I think that the large number of copies (chiefly after the great Italian masters) in the National Gallery, must occasion regret to every true lover of Art. The following list of pictures does not include all the examples which might be enumerated:—

1. CORREGGIO (after), "Agony of our Lord in the Garden." Purchased by Mr. Angerstein, from an Italian, for 2000*l.*, upon the opinion of Sir Thomas Lawrence and Mr. West, who pronounced it to be a genuine work of the master; the original forms part of the collection at Apsley House.

2. After the same, the "Ecce Homo." This copy of the picture by Correggio, in the National Gallery, is attributed to Ludovico Carracci.

3. After the same, "Study of Heads," copied from the frescoes in the Duomo at Parma.

4. After the same, the companion to the preceding picture.

5. CLAUDE LORRAINE (after), landscape marked "Mariage d'Isaac avec Rebecca. Claudio Gel. inv., Roma, 1648," evidently placed upon the picture to suggest the idea that this work differs in composition from the very celebrated landscape by the master, entitled "La Molina," in the Doria Palace, Rome; it is, however, only a copy of that picture.

6. After the same, landscape, with three female figures, carrying weapons proper to the chase, intended probably for Diana and her attendants; this is a copy of a fine composition of the master.

7. TITIAN (after), "Venus endeavouring to detain Adonis from the Chase." This is a copy of a favourite subject with the master; the best original repetition that I have seen is that in the Royal Museum at Madrid.

8. JOHN BELLINI (after), "Virgin, Infant Saviour, and St. Joseph;" the group is completed by a figure in armour (evidently a person of distinction), who kneels in adoration before the divine infant; a little behind, at the other side of a low wall, an attendant is seen holding the nobleman's horse. This composition is erroneously called a Giorgione; it is a copy from a picture by John Bellini. I understand that it was purchased from the family of the late Mr. Woodburne, for about 600*l.*

9. GIORGIONE (after), "The Death of St. Peter the Martyr." This is a school picture, in imitation of the style of the master, by whom there was only one example in the Gallery the last time I visited it, viz., "The Concert," erroneously attributed to his pupil, Titian.

10. MICHEL ANGELO BUONAROTTI (after), "A Dream of Human Life." This great artist never made use of an oil vehicle in colouring his designs, the only authenticated easel picture by the master, "The Holy Family" (upon a circular panel), in the Tribune of the Uffizi Palace, Florence, being painted in tempera.

11. ANDREA DEL SARTO (after), "The Holy Family." This is one of the numerous copies of the master; no style is more easy to imitate than that of Del Sarto, and, consequently, copies of his works, called originals, may be seen in hundreds in various European galleries. Florence is almost the only place where this great artist can really be seen, most of his best works being there.

12. RAPHAEL SANZIO (after), "Portrait of Pope Julius II." An old copy from the Borghese Palace; the deficiency in "the keeping" is very apparent, and betrays its want of originality.

13. SEBASTIAN DEL PIOMBO (after), portraits, said to be those of the Cardinal Hippolyto de' Medici, and the painter himself. The singularly unequal execution of this work indicates that it is a copy of the master. The head of the Cardinal is weak in expression and painting; on the other hand, the so-called head of the artist is considerably better, both in tone and force.

14. LUDOVICO CARRACCI (after), "Susannah with the Elders." A school picture, feeble in the expression, and the colouring too heavy for the master; it was formerly in the Orleans Gallery.

15. DOMENICHINO (after), "St. Jerome with an Angel." This copy of the master was formerly in the Aldobrandini collection; the outlines are hard, and the colouring dark and heavy. Upon my last visit to the gallery, I was surprised to find the picture entitled "Erminia and the aged Shepherd," by Domenichino (erroneously attributed to Annibale Carracci), still hung near the ceiling; this is one of the very finest works in the gallery, for which the country is indebted to the consummate taste and judgment of Mr. Buchanan, who imported it from Italy, with many other important pictures.

16. GUIDO RENI (after), "Susannah with the Elders." A school picture, and a work eminently calculated to injure the student of Art; criticism would be quite thrown away upon such a production. The composition entitled "Lot and his Daughters," which was hung upon the line, near to the "Susannah," is a work of Guido Reni, of his earlier time, when he imitated the dark powerful forms of the Naturalisti; this example of the master should have been hung over the line, as it was painted for effect, and not for the purpose of being closely examined.

17. RUBENS (after), "The Holy Family." This is a production of the school, and probably painted after a design by the master; the colour is heavy, and the execution very coarse. The picture was formerly in the possession of the widow of Rubens.

Now, I think that the wall-space occupied by these inferior works would be infinitely better appropriated to genuine examples of the "old masters," more especially as the accommodation for pictures is so limited in the National Gallery.

ARTHUR VINCENT TURNER.

50, UPPER BAGGOT STREET, DUBLIN.

[We perfectly agree with our correspondent that a National Gallery ought consistently to contain only original pictures, and these the best that can by any possibility be procured; but if such cannot be obtained, then it is desirable to have the next best—good copies, painted in many instances, under the immediate eye of the master. Besides, authorities do, and will, differ upon the merits and authenticity of pictures; for example, the late Mr. Ottley considered the heads, after Correggio, to differ so much from those in the cupolas at Parma, as to suppose them to be fragments of some large work, now lost. Michael Angelo's "Dream." Dr. Waagen thinks is of the later time of Sebastian del Piombo; the Claude is generally considered to be a copy of the Doria Palace picture by one of his pupils. Ottley and Hazlitt call the "Head of Pope Julius," by Raffaele, a true picture; Mrs. Jameson attributes it to the hand of Giulio Romano, under Raffaele. Ottley and Mrs. Jameson are of opinion that the "Venus" of Titian is by that master, one of several copies he made of the picture at Naples. Mrs. Jameson is very doubtful about the "Peter the Martyr," ascribed to Giorgione. The Correggio "Agony of our Lord" is unquestionably a copy of the Apsley House picture; the "Holy Family," by Andrea del Sarto, is a bad picture, even if painted by him, which is extremely doubtful. We merely bring forward these examples to show how "doctors will differ" not only as to the merits of a picture but also as to its authenticity. Both here and on the Continent are numerous paintings in various galleries, the owners of which claim originality for their respective possessions: at the distance of time from which these pictures were painted, scarcely any of the highest authorities will presume to offer a decided opinion upon their originality, and in some instances, even as to the painters of them.—ED. A.-J.]

MARKS OF GOLD AND SILVERSMITHS.

ON perusing your number for October last, which I have just taken out of the library, I find there is an excellent and valuable article by Mr. F. W. Fairholt, on duty and hall-marks, as used at the different assay offices in the kingdom. Had I been acquainted with the writer's address, I would have written to him, pointing out one or two trifling mistakes he has made in his description of standard marks. He observes, "the standard mark for silver being a lion's head *erased*, the figure of Britannia." I have to observe that the standard mark to denote silver of the quality of 11 oz. 2 dwt. fine is a lion *passant*. The figure of Britannia, as the Act directs, is only struck on silver of superior quality to standard, namely, silver holding 11 oz. 10 dwt. of fine in lb. troy, and it is very seldom indeed that goods are ordered to be made of Britannia silver. Having held the situation of Assay Master in Sheffield for a period of 25 years, I have had the best opportunity of knowing that the figure of Britannia has not often been called for; I do not think during the above-named period I was called upon more than some six or eight times to test what is known to the trade as Britannia silver. The intrinsic value of Britannia silver is, of course, greater than that of standard, but as it is a somewhat softer metal, it is not so useful when made into goods that are in constant wear, although it retains its polish or brightness longer than standard silver does.

LEWIS CHARLES SAYLES.

SHEFFIELD.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—The additional pictures are now in their places: the Paul Veronese (brought from the continent by Sir C. L. Eastlake) occupies the place of the Sebastian del Piombo, at the end of the great room. As to size, in comparison with that picture, the Paul Veronese is fourteen inches wider, but ten inches shorter. The subject is "The Adoration of the Magi," to which, by the addition of palatial architecture, the artist has communicated a great degree of dignity. The indications of the painter, independently of his well-known tastes in composition, are sufficiently manifest in the heads, which resemble those of his "Marriage at Cana," "Martyrdom of St. Catherine," "St. John Preaching in the Wilderness," &c., and also in the singular crispness of his draperies. The Virgin is seated on the right, holding the Child in her lap, behind her is Joseph, and near her the ass, and one or two figures in costume, too modern (always an error of Paul Veronese). One of the kings, attended by two pages, kneels before her, and the two others with attendants are behind the first, almost on the same plane. From the top of the composition a beam of light descends upon the Virgin, and a choir of cherubim is seen above. The picture is in fine condition, and must be regarded as a valuable acquisition to the collection. The bequest of Mr. Rogers consists of three pictures. The well-known "Ecce Homo," said to have been painted by Guido in six hours, but the picture looks as if the glasses had been put on after the substantial work was dry; be that as it may, it is an admirable work, already well known to the public through Strange's fine engraving. A second from the collection of Mr. Rogers is a Titian, also well known, "Christ appearing to Mary Magdalen in the Garden;" and the third is a small study of a knight in armour, by Giorgione, reminding us of the portrait of Gaston de Foix, and an extraordinary advance on the art of the time in which it was painted, when we remember its general character. The Titian and the Guido are protected by glass, and the whole of these fine works are of unquestionable value and excellence.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—In a recent number of the *Athenæum*, our contemporary refers to a communication from a member of the Royal Academy, complaining that "certain ancient gentlemen—who have long ceased to exhibit, and who are never seen at the board of the Academy—still hold their place on the list of the Forty; and he asks us whether it is impossible to provide a remedy for this serious evil." This is a subject on which we have frequently spoken; and we have on more than one occasion suggested the remedy which the *Athenæum* proposes; namely, that "the Academy should create a class into which it would be honourable to retire." This is the only way to get rid of a just ground of complaint on the part of men shut out from what may be considered a legitimate claim, and of a determinate adherence to a principle which tends, more than anything else, to bring disrepute on the Academy.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.—At a general meeting of the Water-Colour Society, held February 11, for the election of candidates, Mr. James Holland was unanimously elected an associate. Mr. Holland has established for himself a high reputation by his beautiful Venetian subjects, and must be looked upon as an important acquisition to the list of water-colour painters at this institution. A second candidate was elected in the person of Mr. George Andrews, a painter of marine subjects, whose works we shall look for in the collection of the forthcoming exhibition with interest.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT commissioned the sculptor Lawlor to execute for him, in marble, the statue of "The Bather," a work that attracted much attention at the Great Exhibition of 1851, and was much admired in Paris in 1855. The work has been completed, and is now at Osborne. This commission may act as an example; it is one of a hundred cases of encouragement to "artists without

patrons," who have long suffered under "hope deferred."

PICTURE BY MURILLO.—The "Revue des Beaux Arts" and the "L'Europe Artiste" speak in very glowing terms of a picture, ascribed to Murillo, which is at present located at No. 7, Rue d'Amsterdam, Paris; the subject is the "Repentance of St. Peter." The saint is represented as an old man kneeling, his beard soft and silvery, his hands clasped in the attitude of supplication, and his eyes lifted up to heaven: he is in a sort of cavern or grotto, the darkness of which is illumined by a solitary gleam from the sky. It is said to be painted in the most brilliant manner of the great Spanish artist; but how the picture got into Paris nor where it came from we do not learn; nor have we Mr. Stirling's volumes at hand to give us any information about it, if it ever came under the notice of the historian of the Spanish School.

ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.—We have been requested to give publicity to the following abstract from the laws of this Society relative to applications for relief, in order that correct information may be easily obtained with regard to the form in which such applications must be made, and the times at which they should be presented.—There are two classes of cases in which relief may be given to "Distressed meritorious artists, their widows, and orphans." 1st. Those which arise from ordinary circumstances of distress. 2nd. Those which are caused by sudden and unavoidable calamities. Cases of the 1st class are relieved half-yearly, in January and July. In order to enable the applicant to receive the relief then afforded, it is necessary that a statement of the circumstances of the case should be made in a letter addressed to the council; and transmitted to the Assistant-Secretary on or before the 1st of June, or the 1st of December, that they may be properly investigated. This statement must be certified by the signatures of two Subscribers, one of whom must, in addition, state by letter his personal knowledge of the truth of the facts; this testimony to the correctness of the applicant's statement being relied on without personal appearance before the council being required. Relief cannot be granted to the same person twice within twelve months, unless in a case of extreme urgent distress, when special circumstances occur after the case has been considered and relieved at the half-yearly meeting. **URGENT CASES.**—To meet them, enlarged powers have been given by the laws; but the most stringent rules with regard to their application have been enacted; "only such cases can be relieved as arise from sudden illness, the death of a near relative, distraint of household goods, imprisonment, fire, or other sudden and unavoidable calamities." Urgent cases must be signed by four subscribers; one of whom, as before, must certify by letter his knowledge of the truth and merits of the case, and may be brought before the council at any time in the year when properly signed and transmitted to the assistant-secretary. Those whose cases have been relieved as urgent cannot apply again within twelve months. No subscriber is entitled to sign more than six cases within the year. The following extracts show the regulations respecting the certificates which must be produced by widows and orphans:—"Every widow must transmit the certificate of her marriage and that of the burial of her husband. Orphans must produce certificates of the marriage and death of their parents, and of their own baptisms; or other satisfactory proofs of their identity. Orphans are not admissible, as such, when the age of the male exceeds 21 years, and that of the female exceeds 30 years; married females are not considered as orphans." When cases have been forwarded and received by the assistant-secretary, Mr. W. J. Roper, No. 19, Great Coram Street, Russell Square, to whom all communications must be addressed, a paper of printed questions will be sent by him to the applicants; it is indispensable that these should be fully answered. Further, it is required that in all new cases some specimen of the talent of the artist who himself, or whose widow, or orphan shall apply, must be submitted to the council, as no person can be relieved on account of distress,

unless his "WORKS HAVE BEEN GENERALLY KNOWN AND ESTEEMED BY THE PUBLIC." In conclusion, it is necessary to state that the laws are very strict in affirming—"That no artist who has embarked in speculation in trade, in bills of exchange, or transactions inconsistent with his profession, can be admitted as an applicant."

ENAMELS BY THE LATE H. P. BONE.—Among the works of Fine Art advertised for sale during the present month by Messrs. Christie & Manson, we notice a collection of more than one hundred and seventy of the beautiful enamel portraits executed by the late Mr. H. P. Bone. A large portion of these enamels consists of portraits of kings, queens, statesmen, warriors, poets, painters, and personages distinguished in history, all copied from pictures by the greatest artists or from other authentic sources: the series embraces the period from the reign of Richard II. to that of our gracious Queen. Added to these are several large enamels of fancy subjects after various painters. The collection as a whole merits the attention of the amateur, and there is little doubt of the sale being well attended, as it appears to be the last opportunity collectors will have of acquiring specimens direct from the family of the artist. Messrs. Christie & Manson also announce for sale the pictures collected by Mr. Wethered, referred to elsewhere; the pictures and objects of *virtu*, the property of the late Col. Sibthorp and Samuel Rogers respectively; and before our Journal is in the hands of our readers Messrs. Forster & Sons will have dispersed the gallery of modern pictures collected by Mr. Birch, of Birmingham.

"THE SANDS AT RAMSGATE."—This charming picture, purchased by her Majesty, and which is unquestionably the *chef d'œuvre* of the accomplished painter, W. P. Frith, R.A., is under process of engraving by C. W. Sharpe, and will be a plate of large size. The plate has, we understand, been purchased (it is said for the sum of 4000*l.*) by the London Art-Union Society, for presentation to its subscribers at some future year.

A STATUE OF THE LATE EDWARD BAINES, of Leeds, is to be erected in his native town—a town to which his intelligence and enterprise brought so much prosperity. The commission to execute it has been given to Mr. William Behnes. There were but three competitors for the commission—Messrs. Behnes, Noble, and Milnes. The amount to be paid for the statue is 800*l.*—not a large sum.

THE SCRIPTURAL MUSEUM.—A circular has reached us of a proposal to establish a Gallery of Scriptural Illustration with the view of awakening and stimulating an interest in the study of the Scriptures. To carry out this object it is proposed to collect materials of every kind mentioned in the Bible: pictures of the scenery of Palestine, natural and mechanical productions, costumes, manuscripts, &c. The committee include many distinguished names, both lay and clerical. The "Palestine Archeological Association" has offered its rooms at 22, Short Street, Bloomsbury, as a temporary museum, where the Rev. D. Edwards will be glad to receive any communication on the subject, as well as to receive contributions of specimens to aid in forming the museum.

THE GLASGOW ART-UNION is preparing to issue to its subscribers of the present year two very charming engravings—"The First-Born," after C. W. Cope, R.A., and "The Villa Fountain," after W. L. Leitch. We received impressions of these prints just as we were going to press, and must therefore postpone any notice of them till our next number, except to say they will effectually uphold the credit of this society for taste and discrimination in the choice of subjects to be presented to its patrons.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE COMPANY have appointed as its "general manager" James Fergusson, Esq., the author of "Palaces of Nineveh and Persepolis Restored," and of "The Illustrated Handbook of Architecture," recently published by Murray, and reviewed in the present number of the *Art-Journal*. A more useful appointment could not have been made; it is one upon which we may safely congratulate the company and the public. We feel assured that now this dying Phoenix will arise from its ashes, and be really the valuable appanage to Art it was expected to

be, may be, and ought to be. We trust, however, that Mr. Fergusson will begin his task by getting rid of certain encumbrances, worse than useless, by which Art-manufactures have been discouraged and impeded; shallow and arrogant pretenders, who thought they were accomplishing marvels when they extracted the golden eggs, and left the nest empty for ever. We believe that British manufactures, under judicious management, may even now be made serviceable allies; they have been hitherto disgusted—the word is not too strong—by employees of the company, who will, we hope, be at once removed. We need not point out to Mr. Fergusson how powerful an auxiliary to British Art-industry the Crystal Palace may be made, nor how much its best interests may be promoted, by the zealous co-operation of the manufacturers generally throughout the kingdom. For our own parts, we shall cordially aid him in the improvements he will, no doubt, very soon introduce into this establishment—which at present stands as one of the wonders of the world, out of which very little that is good has been obtained.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY finding that the duties of the Secretary were greatly increasing, and seeing the importance of rendering its journal yet more useful, resolved on appointing a paid secretary and editor. There were forty-four applications for the office, all of unusual excellence. The council, after several meetings, elected the Rev. Mr. Major, of King's College, and into the hands of that gentleman the business of the society and the editorship of the journal is now committed.

HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTION.—The Committee of Management of the Hospital for Consumption purpose holding a Bazaar in the month of June next, to increase the fund for carrying on this national and now extensive charity—the usefulness of which has been recently increased by accommodation for 130 additional patients, and the opening of the Sanatorium at Bourne-mouth for the reception of convalescents, a branch of the Institution which cannot fail to prove a most valuable auxiliary to the charity. Desirous as we have always been to lend our aid to forward the success of this well-conducted hospital, we gladly direct the attention of our readers to the proposed bazaar, and solicit, on behalf of the Committee, contributions of such articles as are suited to the object: all contributions should be sent to the Hospital at Brompton, where they will be most thankfully received.

CHROMOLITHOGRAPHY.—At Messrs. Rowneys' in Rathbone Place are exhibited some of the most successful imitations of water-colour drawings we have yet seen. They approach more nearly to the spirit of the brush than anything we have observed in this description of Art, the texture of the stone being almost superseded by the successful imposition of the colour; for the less the impress of the stone is observed the more nearly will the imitation approach the freshness of the original. One of the remarkable features of the success of these fac-similes is a representation of the texture of the paper and the unequal manner in which the colour sometimes settles on the paper. Since our last notice many additions have been made to the exhibition, and it must be observed that these additions exhibit marked improvement. "The Bridge at Tours," a chromolithograph after Turner, from a drawing in the possession of R. C. Vivian, Esq., is an admirable example of minute imitation—the subject itself is original and striking in its form—the left section being occupied by the picturesque and broken arches of the bridge, beyond which the eye is led to distant architecture. The original drawing has been very highly finished, and this careful manipulation has been very happily met by a succession of stones which have communicated a variety of tint very like what we are accustomed to see in Turner. We have noticed in a former article the beautifully spirited imitations of Catermole's two subjects from Macbeth; Callow's "Frankfort," and "Cologne;" works after Prout, &c., &c. A "Street in Verona," by Bentley, a drawing made shortly before the death of the artist, is a work of much excellence; clear and sparkling in the lights, but somewhat less felicitous in the shaded passages, because perhaps chromolithography does

not realise the depth and transparency obtained by washing. The series is numerous and interesting, and some of the original drawings may be compared with the fac-similes in attestation of the truth of the latter. "Windsor Castle" after Pyne, "Fowey Castle" after Jackson, "Dunne Castle," J. D. Harding, and others after Copley Fielding, T. Rowbotham, T. M. Richardson, &c., &c., are all brilliant examples of this art, which we really think is carried to a degree of perfection inasmuch as almost to rival original drawings in all their best features.

MADAME GOLDSCHMIDT has announced her intention to give a concert at Exeter Hall on Tuesday, the 11th of March, the proceeds of which are to be contributed to the NIGHTINGALE FUND. It will be remembered that some four months ago we announced such intention on the part of this accomplished and most estimable lady. There are matters connected with this graceful act which, if we were permitted to explain them, would augment its interest and value. The public will receive the announcement with peculiar pleasure: it is the homage of one great and good woman to another: the contribution will be, no doubt, very large: and, hereafter, Madame Goldschmidt will look upon "The Institute for Nurses" as she must often look upon "The Hospital for Consumption," as in a great degree her work, for by her generous efforts immense benefits will be conferred upon thousands.

MESSRS. CHRISTIE & MANSON have commenced their season of picture-sales; a reference to our advertising columns will show that several are in progress. We have always borne, and shall rejoice to bear, testimony to the high character which this establishment has so long sustained: no one has ever questioned their fair dealing: they cautiously and scrupulously avoid lending their name to aught that will not bear a close inspection: and where wrongs have been committed under their sanction, they have been the first to cause inquiry, and to make amends. The natural result has been to secure for them an amount of confidence which certainly no other auctioneers enjoy. One of the "approaching sales" to which at this moment we would direct attention is that of the collection of Mr. Wethered, which consists of about fifty pictures, the productions of modern British artists, together with several bronzes and objects of vertu. The pictures are all well known, and of unquestionably high value. Mr. Wethered is one of those persons in trade who, having had capital at his command, some taste, and abundant opportunities, have availed themselves of these advantages to obtain the best works of the best painters. Generally, as in this instance, they are afterwards distributed, being, indeed, often collected with an express view to distribution. But the amateur is thus supplied with valuable chances: he can see "aforehand" that which he inclines to possess: and if he is called upon (as, no doubt, he always is) to pay a large premium upon the original purchase, he has at all events "a choice," and can secure that which he covets. The pictures of Mr. Wethered will, we imagine, be objects of warm competition: there are no fewer than twenty-three paintings by Etty, some of them being his more remarkable productions. Of the remainder, there are works by Lee, Stanfield, Collins, E. M. Ward, Müller, T. S. Cooper, Linnell, Holland, and D. Roberts.

SHIP-BUILDING.—A novelty enormously in advance of anything seen before in the Art of Ship-Building is now in course of construction at Scott Russell's Wharf, Blackwall. A vessel is here building of the enormous length of 683 feet, its depth being 69 feet, and capable of carrying 38,000 tons. It is entirely constructed of iron, and carries eight boilers, each as large as a single-room cottage. In looking at this erection, we seem to be inspecting some great barrack or public building on the banks of the Thames, rather than a ship, which is destined to outstrip in speed all hitherto constructed: it is a wonderful work; and one which seems to realise the ancient tales of ship-building in classic days when gardens and palaces were stationed on deck; in this instance there would be no difficulty in getting up a race, the course encircling the deck.

REVIEWS.

THE ELEMENTS OF PICTURESQUE SCENERY; OR, STUDIES OF NATURE MADE IN TRAVEL, WITH A VIEW TO IMPROVEMENT IN LANDSCAPE PAINTING. By H. R. TWINING. Vol. II. Published by CHAPMAN & HALL, London.

It is about three years since the first volume of Mr. Twining's "Elements of Picturesque Scenery" passed under our notice: in it the author's remarks referred to all those solid objects in nature which attract vision—rocks, hills, trees, and whatever belongs to, or is implanted on, the surface of the earth; his second volume relates to those objects, or rather effects, which are connected with the atmosphere, and with its abundantly pervading influence, light; or, in other words, it is a treatise on aerial perspective, that peculiar characteristic of good landscape-painting which so few artists comparatively know how to reach, and the absence of which, as a consequence, spoils many a picture in every other respect highly meritorious. The failure arises from ignorance of, or inattention to, the phenomena of nature; the solid objects which the painter sees are in their forms and picturesque appearance too often of far more importance to him than the effect produced on them by atmospheric colouring, and hence one of the most beautiful qualities of the landscape becomes only a matter of secondary consideration. Mr. Twining is of opinion that the "old masters generally, when representing distant scenery, have shown themselves not only incapable of rendering those more subtle effects which are due to accidental and transient changes, but they are even very deficient in simply accounting for the due and progressive influence of the atmosphere on the tints of retiring objects. You may sometimes observe in the Dutch masters, especially Breughel, transitions from green or brown, to blue, so sudden and abrupt, that in nature they could not occur under the circumstances which are implied in the picture. Even Claude, whose aerial gradation is so beautifully maintained in his pictures of sea-ports, when the subject is near and the atmosphere hazy, fails in giving the true aerial distance to his mountains in an extensive prospect during clear weather. Some of his distant hills appear crude and heavy, and occasionally may be seen a grey, which approaches too near to white to be natural under the particular circumstances of the scene—unless it were intended for snow, which does not at all appear to be the case. Cuyp is almost the only painter of that period who appears generally consistent; but then his evening glow is nearly the same in all his pictures: there is no attempt at diversity of effect."

The treatise is divided into four parts respectively, entitled—The Atmosphere, Phases of the Day, Clouds, Winds and Storms; and each of these is subdivided into descriptive subjects, systematically arranged; thus the whole phenomena of aerial nature in their relation to the earth and those things which are of it are brought under discussion. It will be evident that a subject so treated can only, in the restricted space to which our "Review" columns are limited, be spoken of generally; we have no room for extracts, nor do we find any statements in the book that are open to argument; on the contrary, Mr. Twining seems to have studied his subject closely and truthfully; his observations and experiences are embodied in language as free from dryness and technicalities as their nature admits of, so that his pages will be found as interesting to the general reader as they are valuable to the landscape-painter, to whom the investigation of the science of nature is of the highest importance when he desires to apply it to this Art; and, as the author rightly observes—"Modern painters have a theme much more difficult before them than that concerning which the old masters have left them practical examples; since, in order to satisfy the prevailing demand for diversity, they are frequently compelled to broach those effects of nature which formerly would have been set aside as being placed almost without the limits to which Art might be expected to attain." This is no less true than it is complimentary to modern Art, for where among the greatest of the old painters shall we find any attempt to represent on canvas such natural appearances as Turner, Danby, and Martin have given us? men who saw more in the heavens than masses of rolling clouds or the quiet glow of a summer's sunset. We would never advocate a style of painting that chooses the extraordinary phenomena of nature, but we do like to have our thoughts attracted to something which indicates that the painter can see with a poet's eye, and trace with a poet's hand, some of the beauty and grandeur which nature, in her fantastic moods, so to speak, spreads over the

landscape;—that, while there is but One whose prerogative it is to

"Ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm,"

yet He has endowed his creatures with the intelligence to admire and wonder at his creating powers, and with genius that enables them to imitate—even at a distance—what He permits us to behold, and find pleasure in.

HARVEST IN THE HIGHLANDS. Engraved by J. T. WILLMORE, A.R.A., from the Picture by SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A., and SIR A. W. CALLEOTT, R.A. Published by the Art-Union of London.

Whatever be the cause, whether the success of a rival institution, or a more enterprising and intelligent spirit than we have been accustomed to see influencing the Council of the Art-Union, it is quite certain that within the last four or five years, with one exception, the engravings it has issued have been of a very superior class to those received by the subscribers on preceding occasions. The "Harvest in the Highlands" is for the subscribers of the current year, and we shall be much mistaken if it does not tend to augment considerably the annual subscriptions. The original picture, the joint production of two great names—among the greatest in their respective department, of any age or country—we are well acquainted with, though it has long been hidden from the public eye, in the country residence of Mr. S. Cartwright, F.R.S., near Tunbridge, Kent, where we had the pleasure of seeing it a few years since. We know that more than one eminent publishing firm had desired to engrave the work, and we have heard that no less than 1000*l.* or 1200*l.* had been declined by its owner for permission to use the picture for such a purpose. That, however, which was refused to private speculation has been granted to a society whose object is to create a love of Art among the thousands. For many reasons, then, we rejoice to see this beautiful composition in the hands of the public by the aid of Mr. Willmore's *burin*. The picture is one of those long narrow canvases which Calleott frequently used, and Landseer now does occasionally. From the left of the composition a lofty range of mountains stretches away into the extreme distance; a considerable portion of these is concealed by clouds and vapours, for a shower has just passed over the distant landscape, which is in deep shadow, except where a rainbow appears to spring from its surface; the long level plain between this and the foreground is more or less lighted up with gleams of sunshine. In the foreground on the left, and leading into the centre of the picture, is the corn, partly standing, partly gathered into sheaves; nor does it seem that the owner of the produce is very anxious to have it garnered, for the labourers are few, one elderly woman with a kind of rake in her hand, and a young girl holding a sickle, and with a small sheaf under her arm: the latter is conversing with a group of boys, one of whom is keeping back a collie dog whose attention is directed to a number of deerstalkers coming up in the distance laden with their spoil. Between the old woman and the group of children is a cart, laden with corn; it is drawn by a rough-looking animal with a foal by its side, and to the right of the group, among a mass of granite blocks, and a calf tethered, a goat and its kids: all these figures are, of course, by Landseer. We have entered thus minutely into the composition of the picture because it is a work very little known. The engraving will bear comparison with the best issued by any Art-Union Society; there are parts of it which would be benefited by a little more of that refinement which Mr. Willmore knows so well how to employ; but the general character of the print is delicate yet effective. The clouds, the mountains, and the distances are charmingly rendered, both with regard to texture and to atmospheric effect, and the foreground exhibits much free and masterly handling of the graver.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE. Engraved by J. SMILLIE, from pictures of T. COLE. Proprietor and publisher, the REV. GORHAM D. ABBOTT, Spingale Institute, New York.

Were we called upon to produce evidence of the progress of Art in America—good Art, too, though of a peculiar class—we should point to three engravings recently received from New York; another is to follow, which, at present, is not quite ready: the series, when complete, illustrates the "Voyage of Life," as sung by a hundred poets, great and small. The prints before us represent respectively "Childhood," "Youth," and "Manhood," from pictures by T. Cole, whom the Americans regard—and not without sufficient

reason—as one of their best landscape-painters. Mr. Cole is English by birth, parentage, and, to a great extent, by Art-education, we believe: he was taken to the States when very young, and, except his visits to Europe for improvement, has always resided there, and, of course, is regarded as an American citizen. These compositions afford evidence of a most poetic mind, of one whose inspirations have been nursed on the banks of the mighty Ohio, and amid the giant forests of the artist's adopted country; the rocks, trees, plants, and flowers belong to the New World, though many appear of primeval growth;—all is essentially American in its vastness and in its grandeur. In the first picture of the series, "Childhood," a boat has just emerged from a dark cavern in the midst of a mass of rocks, through which runs a stream; the little vessel is richly sculptured; the figure-head is a young female with wings, and bearing an hour-glass in her hand: in the boat is the Child playing with wreaths of flowers; a radiated figure is at the helm, as its directing angel; the banks of the stream are covered with gorgeous flowers and magnificent plants, which glitter in the morning sun, before whose brightness masses of heavy clouds are rolling away: there is a fine feeling for the beauty of nature in this composition. In the second, "Youth," the landscape is an open scene; the river has widened its banks, the boat is hurrying onwards, now steered by the youth, but the guardian angel is by the river-side, pointing the voyager towards a magnificent palace dimly outlined in the sky: noble groups of trees appear in the foreground of the picture; but the craggy forms of the hills in the middle distance are not agreeable; they mar the repose of the scene, as suggesting the idea of some great convulsion of nature. "Manhood" comes next, reminding us of John Martin in the unearthly grandeur of the scene: it is wild and black; the rocks and trees are riven, and "a horrible tempest is stirred up round about;" hideous diabolical forms are half concealed among the clouds—tempters with the dagger, the cup of poison, for the man has let go the rudder-bands, and is drifting rapidly towards a whirlpool, that threatens to swallow him up: but his good angel has not totally deserted him; through a small bright opening in the clouds she still watches him; and there is no doubt, when the fourth plate makes its appearance, we shall find she has conducted him safely through the perils of his journey.

These works certainly merit much commendation; they evidence, as we have already remarked, a highly poetical conception, and, generally, it is carried out most successfully; there is nothing commonplace in them, nor is Mr. Cole guilty of plagiarisms; his ideas are his own; and their originality, gathered from the natural sources by which he is surrounded, invest them with a freshness and a charm which cannot but be attractive to an eye accustomed to European landscapes. The engravings are of large size, and for vigour, freedom, and clearness, the work of Mr. Smillie will bear a favourable comparison with some of the best examples done on this side the Atlantic: they are, we understand, his own work entirely, the assistance of which in England engravers so frequently avail themselves, Mr. Smillie was either unwilling or unable to procure. The series of plates is, we should consider, the most important publication ever attempted in America: the character of the work, no less than the way in which it is produced, must do a great deal towards improving the tastes and elevating the minds of the people for whom it is more especially intended. We are truly glad to see American Art in so advanced a state; and must congratulate the reverend gentleman whose name appears on the prints as publisher and proprietor on the successful completion of his costly undertaking thus far. The pictures are in his possession, and he has caused them to be engraved, far less from any desire to derive pecuniary benefit from the work, than in the hope the engravings will conduce to the intellectual benefit of his fellow-countrymen.

SPECIMENS OF TILE PAVEMENT IN CHERTSEY ABBEY. By HENRY SHAW, F.S.A. Published by Subscription.

From the site of the once famous Benedictine Abbey of Chertsey, in Surrey, have been dug up within the last few years, large quantities of richly decorated encaustic tiles, on which in ages long ago "the sandal'd monk," and the bare-footed brother doing penance, trod softly; many of these tiles are now preserved in the local museum and elsewhere, and from them Mr. Shaw, the archaeologist, has copied and published. They are of the date of the thirteenth century, and are more or less elaborate in design, the colours used invariably, so far as Mr. Shaw's examples show us, being yellow orna-

ments on a red or brown ground. Three of the specimens have curious devices in their centre; one a figure, whom we presume to be St. Peter from his holding an enormous key in his hand—the Abbey of Chertsey was dedicated by King Edgar to this Apostle—stands in a gateway of a castle; in the centre of another is a figure in a boat, into which another figure is attempting to enter by means of a ladder raised against the prow; we should imagine this device is intended for a representation of Peter walking on the sea; the figure in the boat lifts up his hand as if to chide the Apostle for his unbelief. In the third a youth is playing the harp to a crowned head, possibly meant for David and Saul: both figures are seated together on a kind of couch. Modern manufacturers of encaustic tiles will do well to refer to Mr. Shaw's work for designs.

ZAHMES GEFLUGEL. Gezeichnet von E. HASSER, in Holzschnitt ausgeführt von HUGO BÜRKNER. Dresden, bei ERNST ARNOLD.

DOMESTIC FOWL. Drawn by E. HASSER, the Woodcuts by HUGO BÜRKNER.

We had, some time ago, in a biography of H. Bürkner, occasion to notice his proficiency in the art of wood-engraving, and the specimens of his skill which we gave, must, we think, have fully justified our praise. The four large plates before us display a mastery of execution which must delight every admirer of legitimate Art. The first plate shows the common "Cock" in all his strutting pride and glory, a perfect representation of Dryden's chancier; the bird is full fourteen inches high; it will be seen, therefore, that scope is afforded for the boldest handling. The "Hen" follows with her chickens. Then come "Ducks" and "Geese." Nothing that Herring ever painted has, in its way, more character and expression than will be found in these studies from the life. The drawings may be used for copies, and as specimens of what wood-cutting is capable, they deserve attention. They cannot fail to add to Mr. Bürkner's reputation.

MACHINERY OF THE "ARABIA" AND "LA PLATA." Engraved by J. PETITCOLIN and G. B. SMITH, from Drawings by D. KIRKCALDY. Published by W. MACKENZIE, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and London.

It is rarely we are called upon to notice such a work as this; and we presume it is almost as rare for any large manufacturing firm to incur the cost of producing such a work; but then Messrs. B. Napier & Sons are not ordinary engineers, and the machinery of the noble steamships which traverse the Atlantic are not ordinary manufactures; and therefore we can easily see reasons for such a publication. We cannot enter into the mechanical merits of these plates, but we can wonder at the magnitude of the machinery, its complicated parts, so beautifully fitted and adapted to each other, and at the science which contrives the whole, and puts it into working order: the merit of this is due to the constructor, Mr. Robert Napier. The engravings are admirably executed from Mr. Kirkcaldy's drawings, who had a medal awarded to him at the Paris Exposition for them and others exhibited by his employers. It is only when the eye takes in, as it does here, the whole compass of these gigantic steam-engines, that one can form a correct estimate of the mind that creates, and the ingenuity that executes: surely, to borrow an Hibernicism, this is the "golden age of iron-work," in its adaptation to machinery.

HERE AND THERE IN PORTUGAL. NOTES OF THE PRESENT AND THE PAST. By HUGH OWEN. With Illustrations after Photographs. Published by BELL & DALDY, London.

A more pleasant, gossiping volume of travels than this it has rarely been our fortune to fall in with: the talk, too, is of a country little visited by tourists; this adds to its interest, for one gets terribly tired with the multitude of books written about places where Englishmen "most do congregate." Mr. Owen does not pretend to tell of more than he saw, but he seems to have seen a great deal of the people, their habits, manners, customs, and condition at the present time: these are the chief topics of the notes he has jotted down, in considerable variety and with much intelligent observation. His is a record of facts, not of theories, or fancies, or statistics, or pictorial descriptions, the usual materials of travel-writers; and it is the absence of these which imparts a freshness and an interest to his narrative about Portugal.

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